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CHILLING TALES OF HORROR AND SUSPENSE



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TO DOOM**

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SHOCK

CHILLING TALES OF HORROR AND SUSPENSE

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THE DEADLY DOLL OF HORROR



THERE WAS EVIL IN THE OLD HOUSE--IN ALL OF ITS HIDDEN CORNERS AND BROODING SHADOWS! LIKE A MONSTROUS CAT, IT BIDED ITS TIME! AND ALL THAT WAS NEEDED TO SET IT FORTH WAS A CHILDISH DARE, THE TOUCH OF A MORTAL HAND, AND THE TERRIBLE POWERS OF--
THE DOLL!

ONE DARK EVENING, NOT FAR FROM THE SHADOWY BULK OF A DESERTED HOUSE --

IT... IT SURE LOOKS **SCAREY**, BOBBY! NO ONE'S GONE NEAR IT SINCE OLD MAN EBEN DIED, AND I DON'T **BLAME 'EM!** EVERYONE SAYS HE WAS A **WIZARD!**

THAT'S **KID STUFF!** WE PROMISED THE GANG WE'D GO IN, AND WE'RE NOT BACKIN' DOWN NOW!



GOLLY, IT'S AWFUL **DARK!** D-DON'T YA THINK WE OUGHTA GO BACK?

AN' BE CALLED **YELLOW?** NOTHIN' DOIN'! C'MON, THERE'S NOTHIN' TO BE SCARED OF!



CREAK!



BETTER NOT, BOBBY! IT LOOKS PLENTY **CREEPY!**



THE FAMILY ARRIVED QUICKLY! THEN, AS JANIE SOBBED OUT HER STORY--

HE **WAS** ALIVE, MOMMY-- AN' AWFUL! MAKE BOBBY TAKE HIM BACK! I-- I DON'T **LIKE** BOJO!

TAKE **WHAT** BACK, BOBBY? WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?



AFTER BOBBY EXPLAINS--

... AN' THAT'S THE WHOLE STORY, DAD ... **HONEST!** IF I'DA KNOWN WHAT KINDA DOLL IT REALLY WAS-- I'D NEVER'VE TAKEN IT!

IT WAS WRONG TO TAKE IT REGARDLESS, BOBBY-- BUT WE'LL DISCUSS IT FURTHER IN THE MORNING! RIGHT NOW ALL OF US HAD BETTER GET BACK TO BED!



I'M **WORRIED**, FRANK! JANIE DOESN'T MAKE UP STORIES, AND BOBBY ADMITS HAVING TAKEN THE DOLL FROM THAT TERRIBLE OLD HOUSE! DO YOU THINK--

I DON'T KNOW **WHAT** TO THINK, ELLEN! THE PLACE HAS A BAD REPUTATION, BUT A DOLL THAT COULD COME TO **LIFE**-- IT'S TOO **FANTASTIC!** STILL-- **WHAT** HAPPENED TO IT?

BUT IN A SMALL CEMETERY-- NOT FAR OFF--

HEH-HEH-HEH! I AM **HERE**, MASTER! THE MOMENT HAS COME-- **AT LAST!**



COME: MASTER! RISE-- **RISE FROM THE GRAVE!**



WITH **BLINDING** SPEED, THE SHIFTING SPIRAL OF SMOKE TAKES ON SHAPE AND FORM, GROWS SHARP IN DETAIL, AND THEN GIVES VENT TO **BLOOD-CHILLING LAUGHTER**--

HA! HA! HA! WELL DONE, MY LITTLE ONE! I AM **FREE-- FREE!**



THEN, A STARTLING CHANGE, AS THE SPECTRAL FIGURE BECOMES ONE OF FLESH AND BLOOD--

MY MAGIC **WORKED!** I **LIVE** AGAIN! IN YOU, MY LITTLE DOLL, I HAD PLACED MY MOST POWERFUL SPELL! THE ONE CONDITION HAS BEEN FULFILLED! YOUR RELEASE BY A **MORTAL HAND** HAS SET THE MAGIC IN MOTION! NOW-- TO, EXACT MY **REVENGE!**



IN THE NEXT MOMENT, PLODDING FORTH THROUGH THE MURKY GLOOM OF THE ANCIENT GRAVEYARD--

REVENGE ON THOSE WHO MOCKED ME-- TO THOSE WHO CALLED ME FOOL AND EARNED MY HATRED! I SWORE **VENGEANCE FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE**-- AND I SHALL HAVE IT NOW!



TWO NIGHTS LATER, ON A DESERTED STREET--

HE COMES! THE FAMOUS JUDGE, **ROBERT PEABODY**! HE DRAGGED ME INTO COURT, TRIED TO LINK ME WITH CRIME! HOW I HATED HIM-- THIRSTED FOR REVENGE, **AND NOW---**



WHO ARE-- **NO! IT CAN'T BE! YOU'RE DEAD--DEAD AND BURIED!**

BUT I'VE COME BACK...



...TO KILL!

NO! HELP--- ARGHHH!



TWO MORE DEATHS FOLLOWED IN AS MANY DAYS, AND IN EACH CASE THE PATTERN WAS THE SAME--

ANOTHER, FRANK?

YES, AND THIS TIME IT WAS MR. CONROY, THE CHEMIST! JUST LIKE JUDGE PEABODY, HE MUTTERED BEFORE HE DIED THAT HIS ATTACKER WAS OLD **EBEN CRUTCH!** BUT **EBEN HAS BEEN DEAD MORE THAN TEN YEARS!**



FRANK, REMEMBER THAT **DOLL** THAT BOBBY BROUGHT HOME? JANIE SAID IT LOOKED LIKE AN **UGLY OLD MAN!** DO YOU THINK---

IT OCCURRED TO ME, TOO, ELLEN-- AND I'VE DONE SOME **RESEARCH** ON THE SUBJECT! I'M CONVINCED THAT IT WAS AN **EFFIGY MADE BY EBEN** BEFORE HE DIED! I CAN'T EXPLAIN **HOW**, BUT THROUGH SOME SUPERNATURAL POWER, THAT **DOLL** MAY HAVE RESTORED EBEN TO **LIFE!**



BUT WHAT ARE WE TO **DO?** THAT FIEND IS OUT TO KILL EVERY PERSON HE DIS- LIKED!

I KNOW, BUT THERE MAY BE SOME WAY OF **STOP- PING** HIM! THAT RESEARCH GAVE ME A CLUE! IT'S A LONG SHOT AND IT MEANS GOING TO THE CEMETERY WHERE EBEN WAS BURIED -- **BUT IT'S A CHANCE I'LL HAVE TO TAKE!**



AT THAT MOMENT, AT THE OLD DWELLING--

I-- I JUST **HAD** TO COME BACK! I **BELIEVE** THOSE NEWSPAPER STORIES ABOUT OLD EBEN COMING BACK FROM THE GRAVE! IF SO, HE'S SURE TO BE HIDING **HERE**! I'LL LOOK AROUND, AN' IF I TURN UP SOMETHIN'-- I'LL GO STRAIGHT TO THE POLICE!



AN HOUR LATER--

THIS IS THE LAST ROOM, AN' NO SIGN OF ANYTHING! GUESS MY HUNCH WASN'T MUCH GOOD AFTER--



NECCHI GORO ANGUNZZI BRECH! KARI, KARI, KETCH!

THAT VOICE --IT'S COMING FROM-- FROM BEHIND THIS WALL!



CAUTIOUSLY, BOBBY REACHED OUT! THEN--

IT'S **OPENING**! IT'S A-- **SECRET PANEL**!



AHA! AN INTRUDER! YOU'LL **PAY** FOR THIS-- WITH YOUR **LIFE**!

OOOPS!



DESPERATELY, BOBBY STRUGGLED TO REGAIN HIS FEET, BUT--

M-- MY BODY-- IT'S GETTING **STIFF**! I-- I CAN'T--

YOU'RE UNDER THE SPELL OF MY **MAGIC**! THE STRENGTH DRAINS FROM YOUR BODY! YOU CANNOT RAISE A FINGER OR MAKE THE SLIGHTEST OUTCRY!



YOURS SHALL BE NO **ORDINARY** DEATH! IN A MOMENT I WILL PRONOUNCE THE PROPER WORDS-- AND MY MAGIC WILL WHIRL YOU OFF INTO THE **BLACK BEYOND**-- THERE TO SUFFER WRITHING TORTURE FOR ALL ETERNITY!



MEANWHILE, AT THE FORSAKEN CEMETERY--



FRANK!
I HAD TO
FOLLOW YOU!
**BOBBY'S
GONE!**

**GONE?
WHERE?**

TO THAT **AWFUL HOUSE!**
HE MADE JANIE PROMISE
NOT TO TELL, BUT SHE
BECAME FRIGHTENED!
OH, FRANK-- WE'VE GOT
TO **DO** SOMETHING!
THAT FIEND WON'T
STOP AT---

STEADY, DEAR!
EVERYTHING
IS SET HERE!
BETTER START
PRAYING--
BECAUSE
**IT'S GOT TO
WORK!**



B... BUT--
WHAT
ARE
YOU
DOING?

**SETTING FIRE TO
EBEN'S GRAVE, ELLEN!**
ACCORDING TO THE ANCIENT
BOOKS I READ, THE
BURNING OF A GRAVE
WILL DESTROY ITS
OCCUPANT, **NO MATTER
WHAT FORM IT MAY
HAVE TAKEN!**



AT THAT EXACT
MOMENT --

NOW YOU MUST **DIE,**
LITTLE FOOL! **NEDRU
BAKKO AKRO--**
WHAT TH--? **WHAT'S
HAPPEN-**



THEN, IN A SUDDEN SWIRL
OF FLAME--

**NO-- NO!
ARGHHH!**

HE'S ON **FIRE!**
SOMETHING'S
BROKEN THE
SPELL, AND
NOW'S MY
CHANCE TO
ESCAPE!



**MOTHER!
DAD!**



IT'S **BOBBY!**
H-- HE'S-- **ALL
RIGHT!**

IT'S ALL RIGHT,
BOBBY! HE
CAN'T HARM
YOU NOW!



NOR ANYONE **ELSE,**
EITHER! OLD EBEN AND
HIS EVIL POWER HAVE
GONE UP IN SMOKE
AND FLAME! AND **THIS
TIME, HE REMAINS
DEAD-- FOR ALL
ETERNITY!**

THE
END

The FLOATING COFFIN



AS THE FINAL CURTAIN FALLS ON A BROADWAY MUSICAL COMEDY--

HONEY, THIS IS THE BEST BIRTHDAY I'VE HAD IN YEARS! FOR A FEW HOURS, IN FACT-- I'VE ALMOST BEEN ABLE TO FEEL **NORMAL!**

BUT YOU **ARE** NORMAL, KENT! YOU MUSTN'T GET BITTER ABOUT A QUIRK YOU'RE BOUND TO OUTGROW!



KENT-- WHAT'S WRONG?

THE SAME OLD THING... A NAMELESS HORROR CREEPING ALONG MY SPINE-- AND IT'S BEING CAUSED BY THAT MAN RIGHT THERE, IN THE TWEED JACKET!





BUT THAT'S ALL NONSENSE, KENT! THESE PEOPLE ARE COMPLETE STRANGERS-- YOU'D HAVE NO WAY OF KNOWING!

THAT'S JUST THE POINT-- I'VE LEARNED TIME AND AGAIN THAT I **HAVE** A WAY OF KNOWING! WHY DON'T YOU **TEST ME-- BY ASKING THE MAN'S NAME?**



PARDON ME! I'VE BEEN TRYING TO RECALL YOUR FACE-- AND WONDERING IF WE HAVEN'T MET BEFORE!

ENTIRELY POSSIBLE, YOUNG LADY-- CONSIDERING THE LARGE NUMBER OF PATIENTS I'VE HAD IN THE PAST TWENTY YEARS! I'M JOHN SAUNDERS, M.D.!



YOU'RE **RIGHT**, KENT-- HE **IS** A DOCTOR! AND THERE'S ONLY **ONE** WAY YOU COULD HAVE GUESSED-- **TELEPATHY!**

IT'S **MORE** THAN THAT, JEAN-- IT'S LIKE AN **ANCIENT MEMORY** I CAN'T LIVE DOWN!



MAYBE SOMETHING **MORE** IS INVOLVED! IT'S STRANGE ENOUGH THAT YOU CAN INVARIABLY IDENTIFY A DOCTOR-- BUT WHY SHOULD YOU BE **ALMOST REPELLED** BY THEM?

I DON'T KNOW! THERE'S NOTHING HORRIBLE TO ME ABOUT MEDICAL SCIENCE-- BUT THE MINUTE I'M NEAR A DOCTOR, I FEEL A VAGUE AND UNEARTHLY CHILL-- A **DREAD** THAT STRIKES SOME HIDDEN **ROOT OF TERROR!**



GUESS I SHOULDN'T HAVE EXPECTED MY LIFE-LONG PHOBIA TO EASE OFF-- EVEN ON MY BIRTHDAY!

DARLING-- LET'S FORGET ABOUT IT! I'VE HIDDEN A BIRTHDAY PRESENT IN YOUR APARTMENT-- AND IT'S **YOURS** IF YOU CAN FIND IT!



HMM, LET'S SEE-- THERE'S SOMETHING OVER IN THAT CORNER-- **BEHIND THE RADIO!**

YES-- YOUR PRESENT! AND DON'T PRETEND YOU DIDN'T **PEEK** WHEN I PUT IT THERE!

WELL? DO YOU HAVE TO BE **COAXED** TO ACCEPT A PRESENT FROM THE GIRL YOU'RE GOING TO MARRY?

YE GODS-- AM I GOING **COMPLETELY** OFF MY ROCKER? I **KNEW** THE BOX WAS THERE THE INSTANT I OPENED THE DOOR-- AND IT GIVES ME THE SAME SENSATION THAT OVERPOWERS ME IN THE PRESENCE OF DOCTORS-- **REVULSION!**

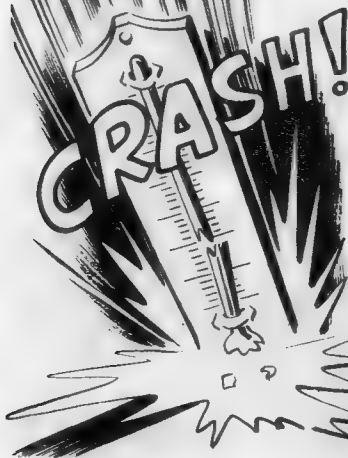
FOR A GRUELING INSTANT, KENT STEELS HIMSELF-- AND THEN--

GOOD HEAVENS-- WHAT'S THE MATTER?

JEAN-- TAKE IT AWAY-- HIDE IT!



OH! YOUR
PRESENT!



AS KENT STARES AT THE GLITTERING
DROPLETS ON THE FLOOR--

WHAT'S COME OVER YOU? I GOT
SOMETHING I WAS SURE YOU
WOULD LIKE-- A DESK
THERMOMETER--
AND NOW IT'S
BROKEN!

THERMO-
METER...?



IN AN INSTANTANEOUS FLOOD
OF AWARENESS--

GOOD LORD, I'VE FINALLY
LEARNED WHAT **ACTUALLY**
STIRS THAT DARK RESPONSE
IN MY SOUL-- **MERCURY!**
THAT EXPLAINS MY VAGUE
TERROR OF DOCTORS--
THEY'RE THE ONLY PEOPLE
WHO INVARIABLY CARRY
THERMOMETERS!



KENT, I'VE ALWAYS
TRIED TO PLAY DOWN
WHAT'S WRONG WITH
YOU-- BUT NOW I
KNOW WHAT A
TERRIBLE STATE
YOUR NERVES ARE
IN!

MAYBE IT'S NOT **NERVES**,
HONEY! FEAR AS ACUTE
AS THIS MAY BE TRACE-
ABLE TO SOME DARK
INFLUENCE THAT REACHES
FAR BACK INTO MY
ANCESTRY! IF THAT'S
THE CASE-- **MAYBE**
WE'LL FIND A CLUE IN
THE FAMILY TREE
I'VE HARDLY
EVER LOOKED AT!



LATER--

THE CHART TRACES
THE BULLARDS BACK
TO AN OLD ENGLISH
TOWN IN 1476-- BUT
FOR SOME REASON
THE NAME OF THE
FIRST BULLARD
HAS BEEN
BLOTTED OUT!

THAT'S A STRANGE
ATTITUDE TOWARD THE
VERY FOUNDER OF THE
FAMILY-- UNLESS IT
INDICATES SOMETHING
MY ANCESTORS WANTED
TO FORGET-- A **MEMORY**
THEY TRIED TO EFFACE
BY OBLITERATING
A NAME!



DARLING--
YOU'VE GOT
SOMETHING
ON YOUR
MIND!

YEP... I REMEMBER MY
GRANDPARENTS MENTIONING
THAT BULLARD MANOR IS
STILL STANDING! WHY DON'T
WE FLY TO ENGLAND-- AND
SEE IF THE OLD PLACE
HOLDS THE SECRET OF
WHAT'S TROUBLING **ME**?



DAYS LATER-- ALONG THE HEDGEROWS OF
THE ENGLISH MIDLANDS--

THOSE HOUSES SEEM
PRETTY ANCIENT! BET
SOME OF THEM HAVE
BEEN HAUNTED AT
ONE TIME OR
ANOTHER!

YEP-- BUT NOT FOR A
LONG TIME, ME LAD!
WHITE MAGIC DROVE
OUT THE GHOSTS
CENTURIES AGO--
**EXCEPT FROM
ONE PLACE!**



NO ONE'S KEPT TRACK OF HOW MANY TENANTS HAVE RENTED THE HOUSE-- AND LEFT THE NEXT MORNING TREMBLING LIKE LEAVES! THERE'S MANY A CHARM CAN DRIVE AWAY ORDINARY GHOSTS-- BUT NOT THE STARING TERROR THAT GLIDES LIKE A RESTLESS CURSE IN BULLARD MANOR!



VERY INTERESTING! I PROBABLY SHOULD HAVE MENTIONED THAT'S WHERE WE'RE GOING-- AND THAT MY NAME IS KENT BULLARD!



WHOA! DON'T WANT TO GIVE OFFENSE, SIR-- BUT I'VE ALWAYS STAYED CLEAR OF THAT PLACE-- AND I'M NOT CHANGING MY MIND NOW TO TAKE A BULLARD THERE!

IF I WERE YOU, KENT, I WOULDN'T FEEL TOO SENSITIVE ABOUT A LOCAL SUPERSTITION ATTACHED TO YOUR NAME!



NO USE KIDDING MYSELF-- I WOULDN'T HAVE COME TO ENGLAND IF I HADN'T SUSPECTED SOMETHING SINISTER ABOUT MY NAMELESS ANCESTOR! WE'VE GOT A LONG WALK AHEAD OF US, JEAN-- BUT MAYBE IT'S JUST AS WELL! WE'LL LEARN THE TRUTH THAT MUCH SOONER BY REACHING THE MANOR AFTER DARK!



HOURS LATER-- LOOMING IN THE CONGEALED HUSH OF CENTURIES--

BULLARD MANOR! I WOULDN'T EXACTLY CALL IT QUAIN, DARLING-- BUT I'VE MADE UP MY MIND NOT TO BE FRIGHTENED BY THE EVIL REPUTATION OF THE OLD PLACE!

WAIT UP! I'M ALMOST CERTAIN I SAW SOMETHING COMING ALONG THE PATH!



OUT OF THE SHADOWS LIKE A CREEPING MIST--

HELP ME, BULLARD! HELP ME--SO THAT I MAY HELP YOU



GREAT GUNS! SEEING A GHOST IS ONE THING-- BUT HOW DOES IT KNOW MY NAME?

KENT-- COME ON! I DON'T CARE WHAT'S INSIDE AS LONG AS WE GET AWAY FROM THAT THING!



INSIDE THE MUSTY MAIN HALL--

HEAVENS, I DIDN'T EXPECT TO SEE A GHOST THIS SOON! BUT SOMEHOW I DON'T THINK IT WAS THE SPIRIT OF YOUR ANCESTOR, KENT-- BECAUSE IT USED YOUR FAMILY NAME AS A STRANGER WOULD-- IMPERSONALLY!

SORRY YOU GOT SUCH A TURN, HONEY-- BECAUSE I'M PRETTY SURE WE'LL BE SEEING THINGS FAR WORSE! MIGHT AS WELL LIGHT THESE CANDLES-- TO AVOID BEING TRICKED BY THE DARKNESS!



MY PLAN IS TO CHECK THE PLACE ROOM BY ROOM! WE'VE ALREADY SEEN ONE OF THE **ORDINARY** GHOSTS THE OLD CART DRIVER MENTIONED -- BUT WHAT I'M INTERESTED IN IS THE **STARING TERROR!**



KENT--THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE CANDLES! THE FLAMES ARE RISING-- AND COMING TOGETHER!

THE DULL RED GLOW CHANGES TO GREEN-- AND THE POINTS OF LIGHT BECOME THINGS THAT GLARE FROM THE EVIL VOID!

THEY'RE EYES--
**HIDEOUS EYES
GLINTING
WITHOUT
A BODY!**

GET A GRIP ON YOURSELF, JEAN! **THIS** IS WHAT I CAME TO FIGHT--
AND YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME!



STARING TERROR OR NOT, I'M A **BULLARD--** AND I'M NOT GOING TO BE COWED BY THE THING THAT CURSED MY NAME!

**HA
HA
HA!**



IN THE NEXT SECOND--

THEY'RE GONE! GUESS THE FIRST ROUND BELONGS TO US, HONEY!

IT'S TRUE WE CAN'T SEE ANYTHING-- BUT LISTEN! THERE'S A SLOW THUD COMING FROM THE NEXT ROOM--
THE SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS!



NO QUESTION ABOUT SOMETHING PACING AROUND IN HERE-- **BUT WHERE IS IT?**

THERE-- THERE! CAN'T YOU SEE THEM-- MOVING ACROSS THE FLOOR?



**THUMP!
THUMP!**

STEP BY STEP-- IN A FORMLESS STRIDE THROUGH THE MOONLIT ROOM--

THEY'RE LIKE IMPRINTS IN THE DUST, BUT THEY KEEP MOVING --
THEY'RE THE MARK OF GHOSTLY FEET!

WATCH! NOT EVEN A PHANTOM CAN KEEP GOING--
ONCE IT REACHES THAT WALL!



SUDDENLY THE MUFFLED TREAD FADES OFF-- AND RISING FROM THE CLAMMY FLOOR--

GOOD LORD! THE FOOTPRINTS HAVE CHANGED INTO A GLOW-- AND IT'S TAKING SHAPE AS A GNARLED HAND!





SECONDS LATER--AS THE HAND FADES IN A SHIMMERING GLOW--

IT **SOUNDS** GHASTLY-- BUT WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

I'LL SAY THIS MUCH, JEAN-- IT'S THE KEY TO WHAT I'VE COME TO FIND OUT!

While liquid supports my iron bier, This House shall know Eternal Fear!



WE'VE SEEN SPECTRAL EYES AND FOOTSTEPS-- WE'VE READ WORDS LIKE THE CHALLENGE OF EVIL--**AND I'M READY TO MEET THAT CHALLENGE!** WHATEVER IS LURKING IN BULLARD MANOR-- **LET IT SHOW ITSELF!**



THEN ALL THE TERROR OF THE OLD HOUSE-- ALL THE DREAD OF BYGONE CENTURIES-- GATHER TOGETHER IN A SINGLE SHAPE!



YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN SATISFIED WITH MERE HINTS OF MY PRESENCE-- INSTEAD OF FORCING ME TO REVEAL MY FULL TERROR TO MY OWN FLESH AND BLOOD!



WHAT ABOUT **THAT**? HOW CAN YOU STIFLE MY DREAD POWER-- **AS LONG AS IT HOLDS TRUE?**

IF YOU'RE CONFIDENT YOU CAN'T BE HARMED-- **SUPPOSE YOU TELL ME WHAT THE WORDS MEAN!**



HAA! ALL YOUR LIFE YOU'VE BEEN CURSED BY A GLIMMERING OF THE TRUTH-- **BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO GROPE THROUGH HORROR TO LEARN THE REST!**

DON'T WORRY,

JEAN! WHITE MAGIC WAS STRONG ENOUGH TO SEND **OTHER** GHOSTS IN THIS VICINITY BACK TO THEIR GRAVES-- **AND I'LL FIND SOME WAY TO GET RID OF THIS ONE!**



NEVER! THE ANCIENT MAGICIAN WHO PITTED WHITE MAGIC AGAINST THE FORCES OF EVIL WAS CLEVER-- **CHALLENGING THE PHANTOMS TO PREVENT THEIR COFFINS FROM COMING INTO CONTACT WITH THE EARTH!** IT HAD TO BE DONE WITH A FORCE THAT IS **NEITHER WATER, NOR AIR, NOR SOLID--** IT HAD TO BE A METHOD THE MAGICIAN COULD DUPLICATE IN **NO OTHER WAY-- AND I HAVE FOUND IT!**





THEN--THROUGH THE MUFFLED DEPTHS THAT SEEM TO SHRINK FROM THE INTRUSION OF THE LIVING--

FOR A SECOND, KENT AND JEAN PAUSE AT THE DOORWAY IN DOUBT-- AND THEN--





KENT-- WHAT ABOUT THAT GHOST WE MET OUTSIDE? DO YOU SUPPOSE HE WAS THE MAGICIAN WHO WIELED THE WHITE MAGIC?

GREAT GUNS--WHO ELSE?

WHAT IT TOLD ME DIDN'T MEAN ANY-THING **THEN**-- BUT I KNOW NOW WHAT IT MEANT WHEN IT OFFERED TO HELP ME!

A MOMENT LATER--

THERE IT IS-- STILL PUSHING THAT SHINING BLACK BOULDER!

I'VE GOT A HUNCH ABOUT **THAT**, TOO -- **AND IT'S GOING TO BE A JOLTING SURPRISE TO THAT CREEP IN THE FLOATING COFFIN!**

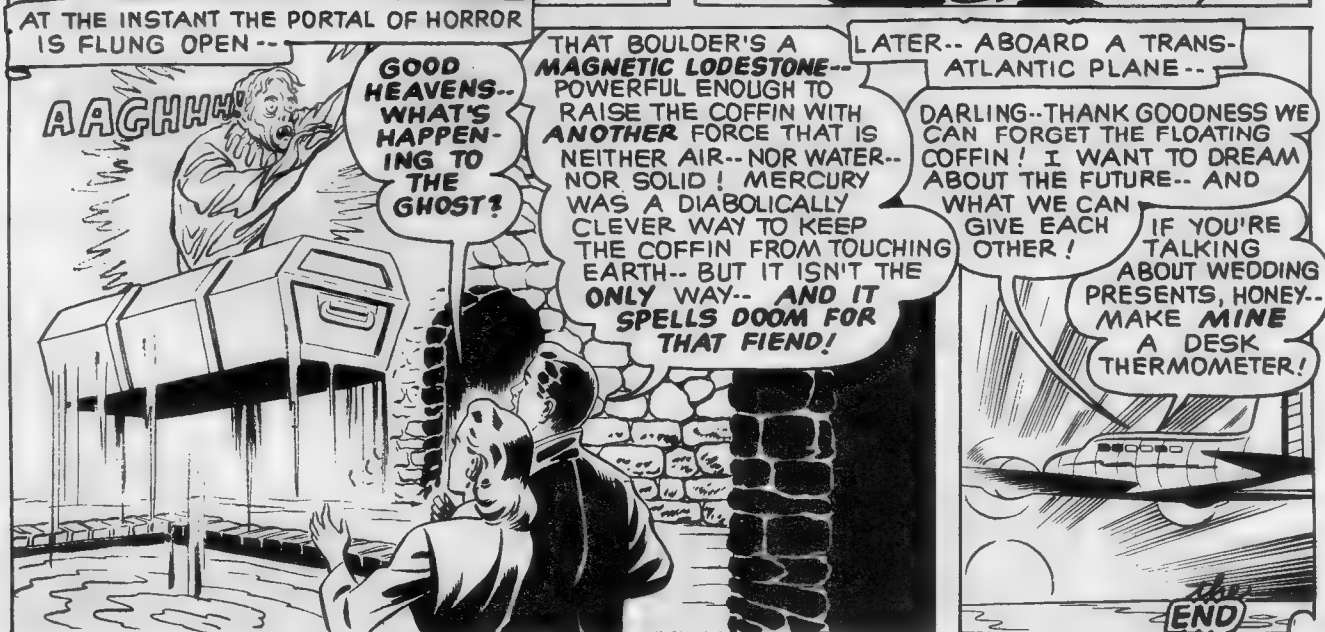


YES, YOU HAVE GUESSED THE ANSWER! I KNEW THAT SOME DAY A BULLARD WOULD RETURN-- AND MY SPIRIT WAITED-- BARRED FROM ENTERING THE MANOR BY THE PERVADING POWER OF EVIL!

IT'S AN EVIL THAT HAS RUN ITS COURSE! ONCE I ROLL THIS THING INTO THE MANOR-- **THE HAUNTING CURSE OF THE BULLARDS WILL BE BLASTED TO PERDITION!**

WHAT ARE YOU UP TO, KENT? **YOU'VE PUSHED THE BOULDER DIRECTLY ABOVE THE CHAMBER THAT GUARDS THE FLOATING COFFIN-- BUT WHAT GOOD WILL THAT DO?**

THERE'S NO TIME TO EXPLAIN NOW, JEAN! IT'LL TAKE EFFECT WITHIN A MINUTE-- **AND I WANT TO BE ON HAND DOWN-STAIRS TO WATCH THE RESULTS!**



AT THE INSTANT THE PORTAL OF HORROR IS FLUNG OPEN --

AAGHWW!

GOOD HEAVENS-- WHAT'S HAPPENING TO THE GHOST?

THAT BOULDER'S A **MAGNETIC LODESTONE--** POWERFUL ENOUGH TO RAISE THE COFFIN WITH **ANOTHER** FORCE THAT IS NEITHER AIR-- NOR WATER-- NOR SOLID! MERCURY WAS A DIABOLICALLY CLEVER WAY TO KEEP THE COFFIN FROM TOUCHING EARTH-- BUT IT ISN'T THE **ONLY** WAY-- **AND IT SPELLS DOOM FOR THAT FIEND!**

LATER-- ABOARD A TRANS-ATLANTIC PLANE--

DARLING--THANK GOODNESS WE CAN FORGET THE FLOATING COFFIN! I WANT TO DREAM ABOUT THE FUTURE-- AND WHAT WE CAN GIVE EACH OTHER!

IF YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT WEDDING PRESENTS, HONEY-- MAKE **MINE** A DESK THERMOMETER!

THE END

VIGIL *among the* VAMPIRES

EARTHQUAKES ARE CLOSELY RELATED TO VOLCANIC ACTIVITY, SIR...AND WITH CUILAPA VOLCANO ERUPTING **HERE**, THERE'S A POSSIBILITY OF AN EARTHQUAKE BELT EXTENDING ALL THE WAY TO THE COAST!

WE'RE ANXIOUS TO HAVE A TRAINED GEOLOGIST INSPECT THE AREA. MR. BANCROFT...AND I'LL BE GLAD TO PLACE A SMALL PLANE AT YOUR DISPOSAL!



The FIERY CRATER OF A CENTRAL AMERICAN VOLCANO WAS LIKE AN EYE STARING IN THE NIGHT...AS IF THE JUNGLE ITSELF SHUDDERED AT THE HORROR THAT SLITHERED THROUGH ITS SULTRY DEPTHS! IT'S A HORROR THAT **PAT BANCROFT** MUST FACE ALONE...LURED BY THE SINUOUS BEAUTY OF A JUNGLE GIRL TO A VIGIL **AMONG THE VAMPIRES!**



THAT AFTERNOON...AT THE AIRPORT IN SAN JOSE...

MY PROFESSOR ALWAYS MAINTAINED THAT AN EARTHQUAKE EXPERT COULD SENSE WHEN A SHOCK WAS COMING! I WONDER WHETHER **THAT'S** THE REASON FOR MY STRANGE FEELING OF FOREBODING?

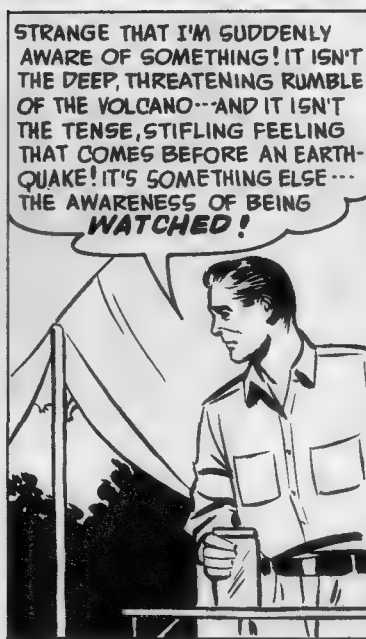
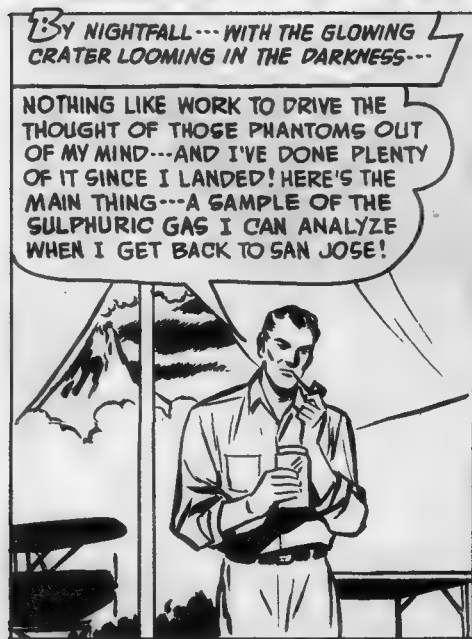


AN HOUR LATER...WELL, THERE'S CUILAPA...SIX THOUSAND FEET OF SPUTTERING DYNAMITE!



GUESS I'LL HEAD TOWARD THE COAST...AND SEE IF I CAN FIND ANY TRACE OF A GEOLOGICAL FAULT THAT MAY PRODUCE AN EARTHQUAKE!





Then...AS A SHADOW GLIDES AMONG THE CHATTER-
ING PALMS...



ME...
SANGRA!



WOW... I COULDN'T HAVE BEEN
FURTHER OFF THE BEAM WHEN I
TRIED TO IMAGINE WHAT WAS OUT
HERE! HOW COME **YOU'RE**
PADDING AROUND IN THE
DARKNESS, HONEY?

ME...
HELP!

FUNNY I NEVER REALIZED
BEFORE HOW MUCH I **NEED**
AN ASSISTANT! I'M GOING
TO BE UP UNTIL DAWN COM-
PILING MY DATA...AND
MAYBE YOU **CAN** HANDLE
A FEW ODDS AND ENDS!



SANGRA
---HELP!

SURE, SWEETHEART...
I'VE GOT EVERYTHING
LINED UP FOR YOU! I
WANT YOU TO RULE
OFF RED SQUARES ON
THIS PAPER, SEE?
TAKE THE PEN...AND
I'LL SHOW
YOU HOW
IT'S DONE!



OH HH!



RED...
RED...

DON'T
TAKE IT
SO HARD,
HONEY...
I KNOW
IT WAS JUST
AN ACCIDENT!



Then...WITH THE CRIMSON BLOTCH
REFLECTED IN HER FLASHING EYES...

HEY!
WHAT
GOES
ON
HERE?





YOU'RE JUST MAKING AN UNHOLY MESS OF THINGS, SANGRA! WHAT'S SO FASCINATING ABOUT RED INK?

SANGRA---
LIKE!



IT'S NO USE---SHE'S ABOUT AS HELPFUL AS A FOUR-YEAR OLD CHILD! THERE'S SOMETHING DISTRACTING ABOUT HER---I SHOULD MAKE HER LEAVE--- BUT THAT'S THE LAST THING I **WANT** TO DO!

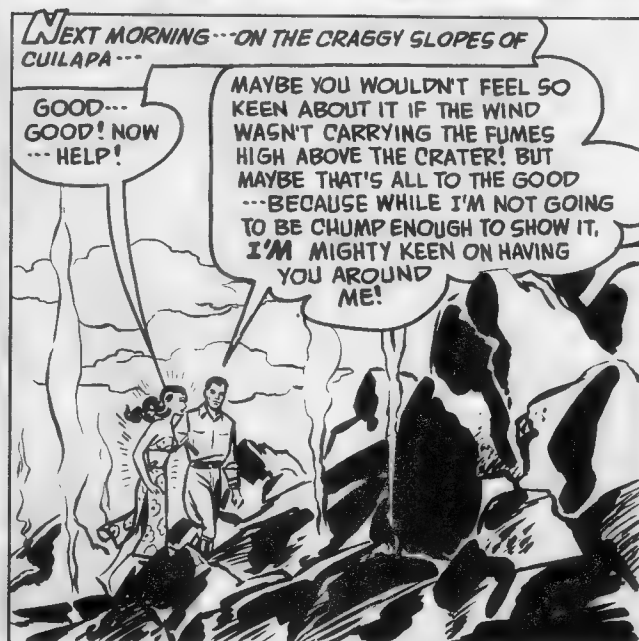


LOOK, SWEETHEART--- I'M UP TO MY EARS IN WORK! SIT DOWN OVER THERE---AND TRY TO BE QUIET!

MUST
---HELP!



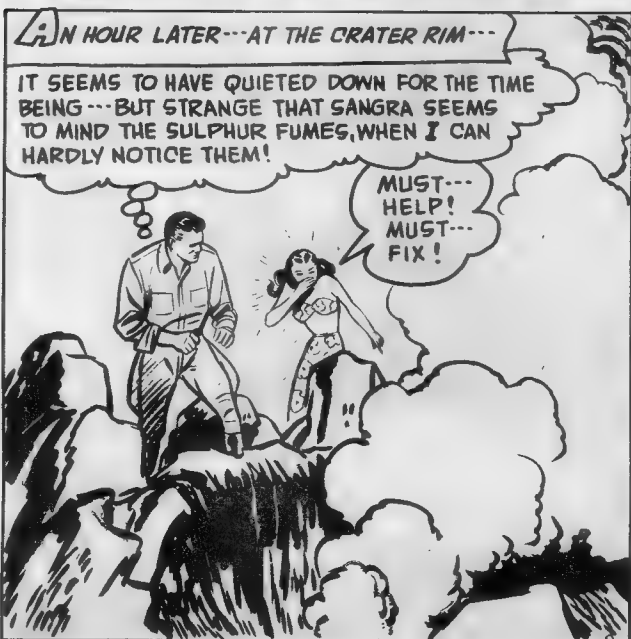
WHY SHOULD MY MIND WANDER **NOW**---IN THE MIDDLE OF AN EXPERIMENT? WHY SHOULD I KEEP FEELING THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE ALL AROUND ME---NOT ONLY OUT THERE ---BUT INSIDE THE TENT?



NEXT MORNING---ON THE CRAGGY SLOPES OF CUILAPA---

GOOD---
GOOD! NOW
---HELP!

MAYBE YOU WOULDN'T FEEL SO KEEN ABOUT IT IF THE WIND WASN'T CARRYING THE FUMES HIGH ABOVE THE CRATER! BUT MAYBE THAT'S ALL TO THE GOOD ---BECAUSE WHILE I'M NOT GOING TO BE CHUMP ENOUGH TO SHOW IT, I'M MIGHTY KEEN ON HAVING YOU AROUND ME!



AN HOUR LATER---AT THE CRATER RIM---

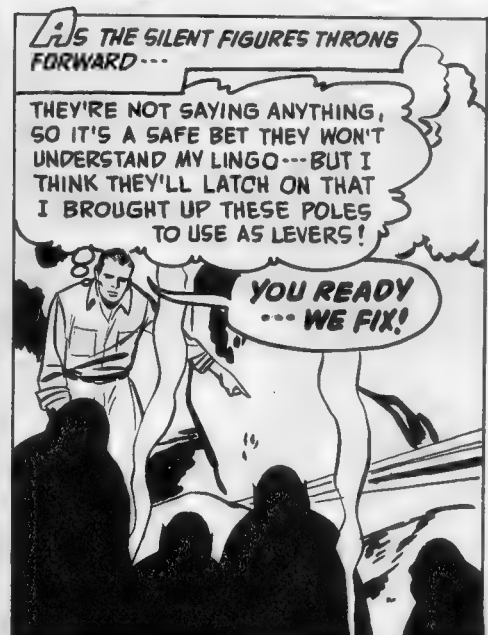
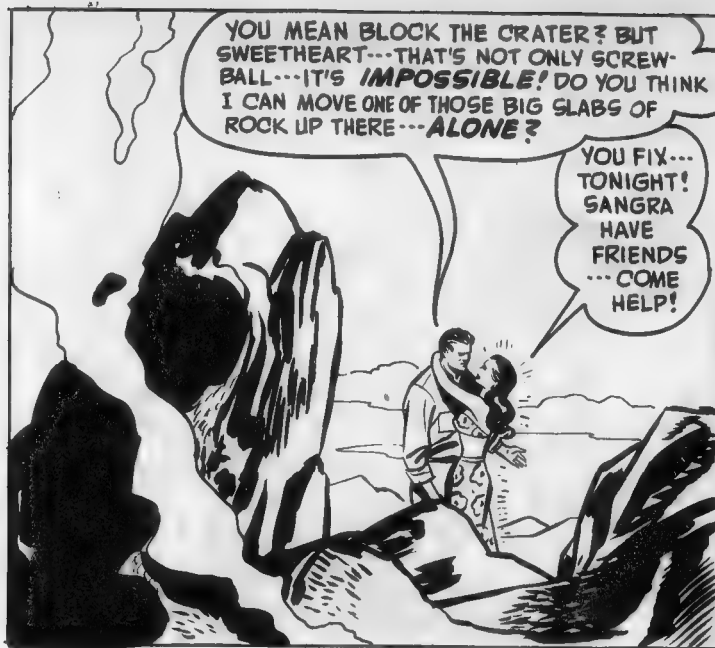
IT SEEMS TO HAVE QUIETED DOWN FOR THE TIME BEING ---BUT STRANGE THAT SANGRA SEEMS TO MIND THE SULPHUR FUMES, WHEN I CAN HARDLY NOTICE THEM!

MUST---
HELP!
MUST---
FIX!



NOW IT DAWNS ON ME WHAT SHE'S MEANT ALL THIS WHILE! SHE **WANTS** HELP---AND IT'S GOT SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE CRATER! LOOK, SANGRA---YOU WANT ME TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THOSE FUMES---**RIGHT?**

YES---
YES! MUST
---FIX!



Then...IN THE CRIMSON GLOW RISING FROM THE FIERY FISSURES...

YE GODS...**THOSE FACES!**
THEY'RE THE THINGS I SPOTTED FROM THE PLANE!



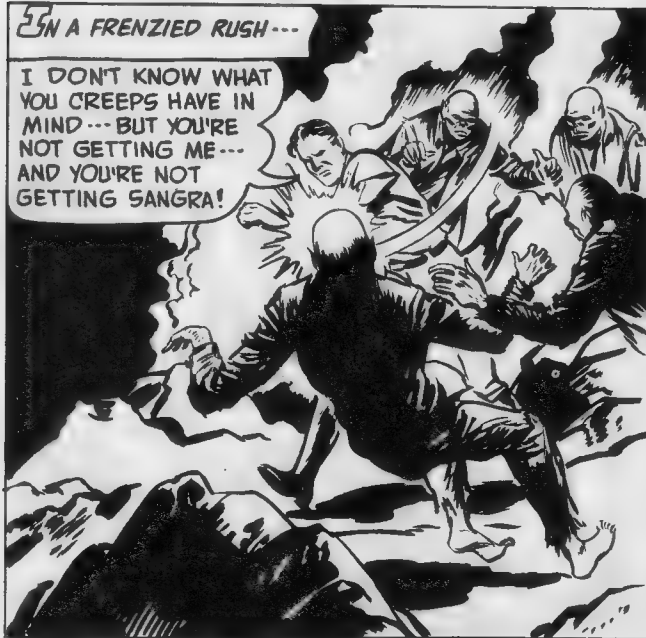
SLOWLY...**OMINOUSLY**...THE HIDEOUS SHAPES MOVE UP THE SLOPE!

THEY'RE TRYING TO EDGE **ME** TOWARD THE CRATER! IF I'M GOING TO GET DOWN ALIVE...IT HAD BETTER BE **NOW!**



IN A FRENZIED RUSH...

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU CREEPS HAVE IN MIND...BUT YOU'RE NOT GETTING ME...AND YOU'RE NOT GETTING SANGRA!



MINUTES LATER...

GOOD LORD...I **KNEW** SHE HAD THE MIND OF A CHILD! SHE'S INNOCENT ENOUGH TO THINK OF THOSE CREATURES AS **FRIENDS**...AND HOW CAN I EXPLAIN **WHAT** THEY ARE TO A MIND THAT CAN'T GRASP THE IDEA OF EVIL?



YOU...FIX!
YOU...HELP!

NEVER MIND **THAT**, SWEETHEART! WE'VE GOT TO GET AWAY FROM HERE!



OW! I HAVEN'T THE SLIGHTEST IDEA OF WHAT JABBED ME...BUT MY HANDS BLEEDING!



SANGRA...WHAT THE DEVIL'S GOTTEN INTO YOU? WHAT ARE YOU SMILING ABOUT?

SANGRA...**LIKE!**





HONEY, I DON'T KNOW WHETHER YOU MEAN **ME**... BUT THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR FACE THAT MAKES ME **WONDER**!



IN THE NEXT INSTANT...

OOOPS!
THAT BOTTLE
OF VOLCANIC
GAS...

AAAGH!

CRASH!



AH-H...
AH-H!

SANGRA...
WAIT! GREAT
GUNS... **SOME-**
THING I'VE READ
ABOUT IS REPELL-
ED BY SULPHUR
FUMES... BUT
WHAT?

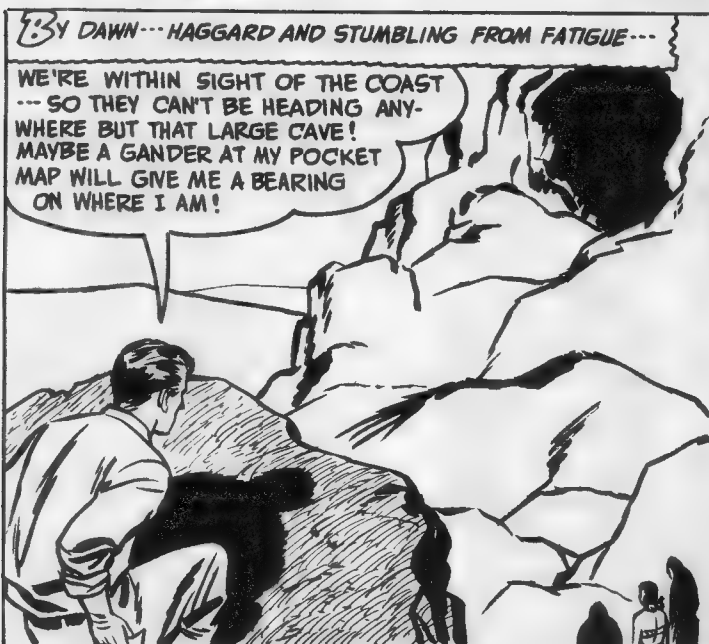


SHE'S HEADING THROUGH THE JUNGLE ---WITH **THEM**! SANGRA **CAN'T** BE ONE OF THOSE THINGS ---THEY MUST BE EXERTING AN EVIL POWER TO FORCE HER TO ACCOMPANY THEM!



ALL THAT NIGHT...PAT TRAILS THE SINISTER HORDE THROUGH THE STIRRING JUNGLE!

BETTER WAIT BEFORE I TRY TO RESCUE SANGRA...I WON'T STAND A CHANCE NOW, WHEN THEY'RE CLUSTERED AROUND HER!



BY DAWN...HAGGARD AND STUMBLING FROM FATIGUE...

WE'RE WITHIN SIGHT OF THE COAST --- SO THEY CAN'T BE HEADING ANYWHERE BUT THAT LARGE CAVE! MAYBE A GANDER AT MY POCKET MAP WILL GIVE ME A BEARING ON WHERE I AM!



GOLFO DE MURCIELEGAS
...THE GULF
OF BATS!

DOES **THAT** EXPLAIN SANGRA'S REACTION TO THE OVERTURNED BOTTLE OF RED INK...THE WAY HER EYES GLISTENED WHEN I SOMEHOW JABBED MY FINGER...THE WAY SHE RECOILED, AS A **BAT** WOULD, FROM THE SULPHUR FUMES? BUT THE WHOLE IDEA'S **CRAZY**...FATIGUE'S GOT MY IMAGINATION WORKING OVERTIME! I'VE GOT TO REACH THE CAVE BEFORE **THEY** DO...HIDE INSIDE...AND TRY TO FIGURE OUT A WAY TO SAVE SANGRA!



MY EYES AREN'T ADJUSTED TO THE DARKNESS YET...BUT THEY'RE COMING...AND THERE ARE MORE OF THEM THAN I THOUGHT!



MOMENT LATER...AS FAINT SUNLIGHT FILTERS INTO THE CAVE...



STRANGE... I DIDN'T SEE THE PHANTOMS CLIMB UP TO THOSE LEDGES...BUT WHAT ELSE **CAN** THEY BE?



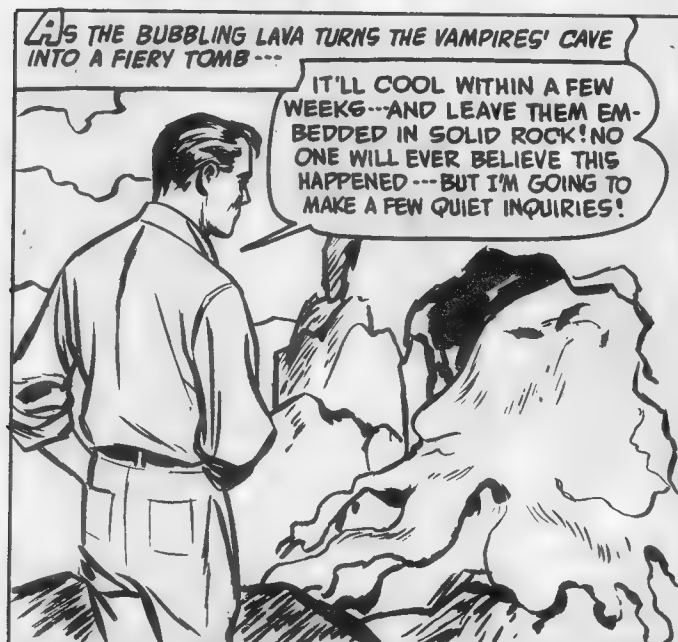
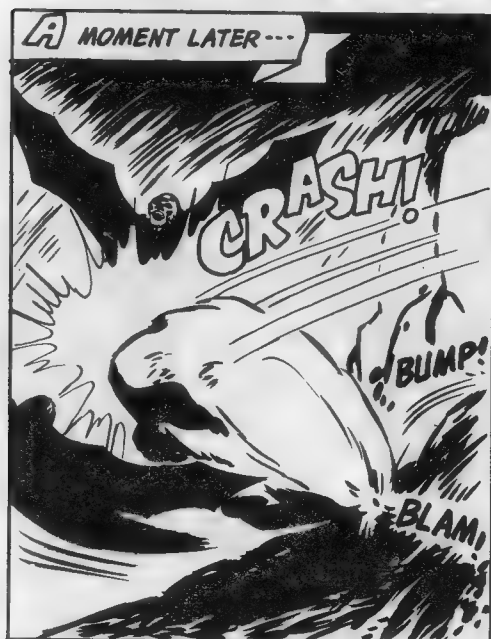
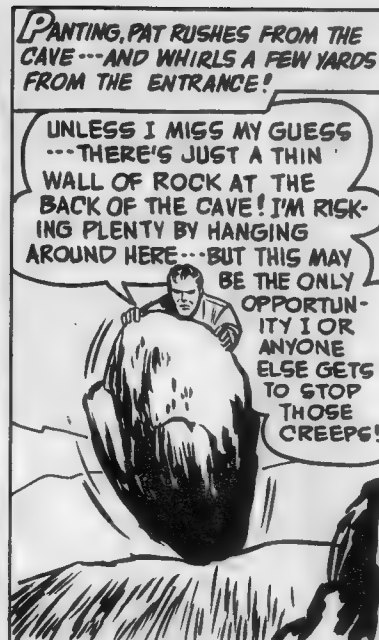
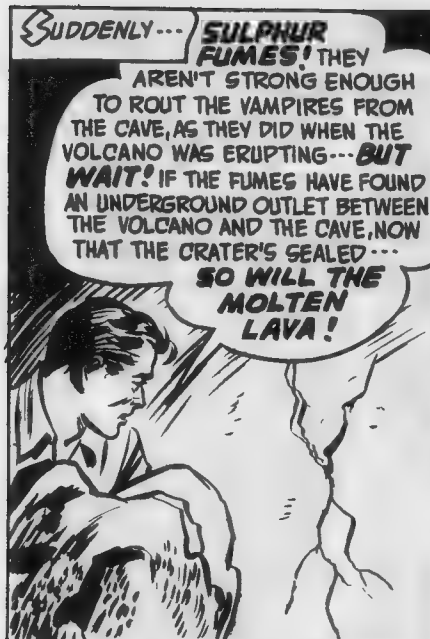
GOOD LORD! THAT'S **SANGRA**...HANGING HEAD DOWN WITH THE REST!

THAT'S WHAT PIERCED MY HAND WHEN I EMBRACED HER...THE BAT-LIKE HOOKS ON HER ELBOWS! THEY'RE ALL **VAMPIRES**...FORCED TO LEAVE THE CAVE AS PHANTOMS WHEN THE FUMES FROM CUILAPA DRIFTED TOWARD THE COAST...UNTIL SANGRA TALKED ME INTO BLOCKING THE CRATER!



AND THAT'S NOT **ALL** THAT'S BLOCKED! THE ENTIRE MOUTH OF THE CAVE IS CHOKED BY THOSE CRAWLING THINGS...CHANGING INTO BLACK MONSTERS WITH FURRY WINGS!





FIEND OF THE UNDEAD

CAN THE SOUL OF A LIVING PERSON DIE -- AND YIELD ITSELF TO THE BROODING EVIL OF EYES THAT MUST BE OBEYED?...



... JEAN PETERSON LEARNED THE ANSWER IN A SINGLE RUSH OF TERROR -- WHEN HER YOUTH WITHERED INTO A THING THAT HOBBOLED CROONING INTO THE DARKNESS -- TOWARD THE FIEND OF THE UNDEAD!

FROM THE STAGE OF A LARGE THEATER --

IN MY NEXT DEMONSTRATION -- I WILL PROVE THAT THE POWER OF HYPNOSIS IS STRONGER THAN LIFE ITSELF! TO ASSIST ME, I WILL CALL ON THAT YOUNG LADY IN THE THIRD ROW -- WEARING THE PEARL NECKLACE!



A MOMENT LATER --

I SUPPOSE HE'S MASKED TO FOCUS ATTENTION ON HIS EYES -- AND THEY'RE CERTAINLY LIKE NO OTHER EYES I'VE EVER SEEN!



THINK OF BIMOSE -- THINK OF WHAT BIMOSE IS THINKING! OUR MINDS ARE ONE -- YOU ARE GETTING TIRED...

AS THE STRANGE VOICE DRONES ON -- THE HANDS WEAVING LIKE PALE SERPENTS --

...TIRED BECAUSE YOU ARE OLD! VERY OLD -- OLD ENOUGH TO DIE!



IN THE NEXT SECOND --

I SUGGESTED **EXTREME AGE** TO THIS YOUNG LADY SO THAT THE IDEA OF DEATH WOULD BE FIXED IN HER HYPNOTIZED MIND -- AND TO ALL INTENTS AND PURPOSES -- SHE **IS DEAD! WATCH!**



THE YOUNG LADY IS COMPLETELY UNHARMED -- BUT A POSITION SUCH AS THIS COULD BE ASSUMED ONLY BY A **CORPSE!**

THAT. PHONY THINKS HE'S HOT STUFF -- BUT TO **ME** THIS BUSINESS ABOUT CORPSES IS A VERY UNFUNNY TYPE OF ENTERTAINMENT!



SOON AFTERWARD --

IT WAS REALLY AN AMAZING EXPERIENCE, STEVE! THOSE STRANGE, COMPELLING EYES -- I WONDER WHAT DR. BIMOZE LOOKS LIKE **WITHOUT HIS MASK?**

WHO GIVES A HOOT? YOU'RE NOT HYPNOTYZED **NOW, BABY--** LET'S FORGET ABOUT HIM!



AN HOUR LATER --

BIMOZE... WHAT AN UNUSUAL NAME -- AND AN UNUSUAL **PERSON, TOO!** DON'T BE OFFENDED, STEVE -- I JUST CAN'T SEEM TO GET HIM OFF MY MIND!

YEP -- AND YOU'VE TALKED ABOUT HIM ENOUGH TO MAKE YOUR VOICE DRY AND RASPY! WELL, IT'S NEARLY MID-NIGHT -- I'D BETTER BE GOING!



JEAN -- WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOUR FACE? IT'S DRAWN AND WRINKLED -- **YE GODS, YOU'RE AGING BY THE SECOND!**

AGING? BUT I FEEL... **WONDERFUL!**



AS IF WITHERED BY AN UNSEEN BLIGHT --

OLD, BIMOZE -- OLD ENOUGH TO DIE!

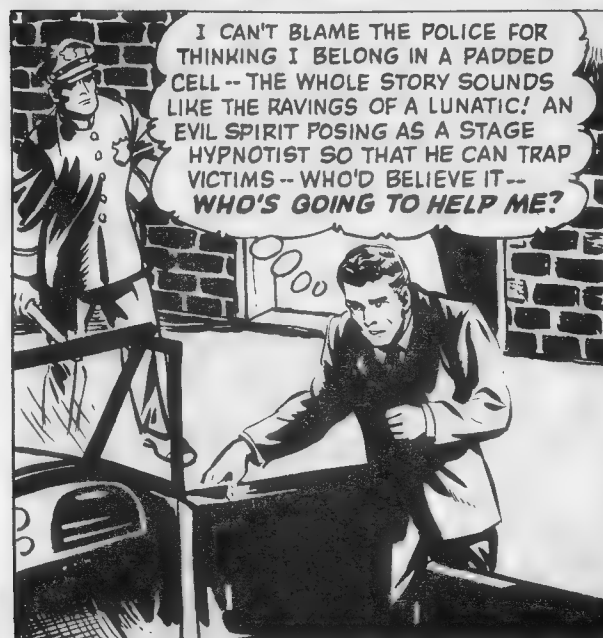
GOOD LORD! -- HER FIGURE'S FADING! **SHE'S CHANGED INTO SOMETHING ANCIENT!**

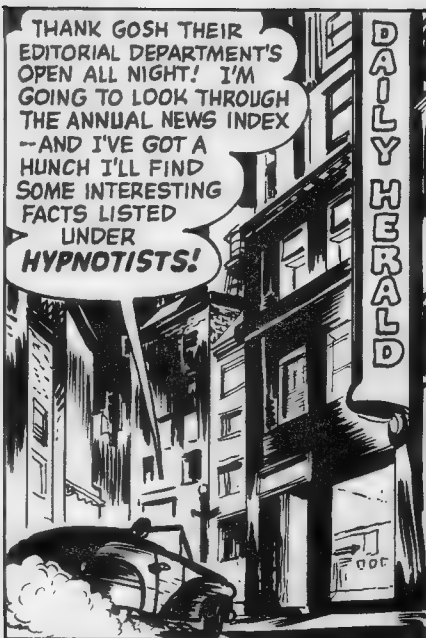


BIMOZE -- BIMOZE! AS YOU COMMAND -- SO SHALL I OBEY!

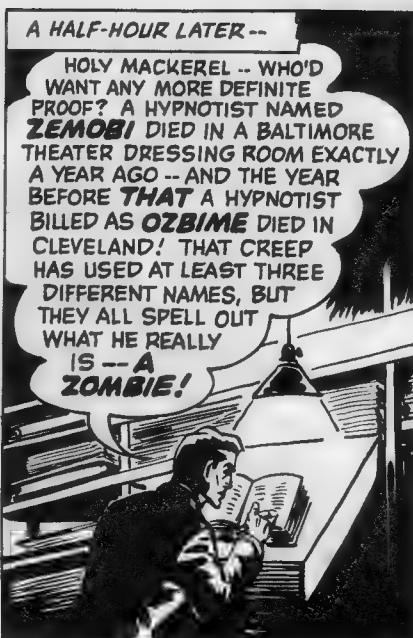








THANK GOSH THEIR EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT'S OPEN ALL NIGHT! I'M GOING TO LOOK THROUGH THE ANNUAL NEWS INDEX --AND I'VE GOT A HUNCH I'LL FIND SOME INTERESTING FACTS LISTED UNDER **HYPNOTISTS!**



A HALF-HOUR LATER --

HOLY MACKEREL -- WHO'D WANT ANY MORE DEFINITE PROOF? A HYPNOTIST NAMED **ZEMOBI** DIED IN A BALTIMORE THEATER DRESSING ROOM EXACTLY A YEAR AGO -- AND THE YEAR BEFORE **THAT** A HYPNOTIST BILLED AS **OZBIME** DIED IN CLEVELAND! THAT CREEP HAS USED AT LEAST THREE DIFFERENT NAMES, BUT THEY ALL SPELL OUT WHAT HE REALLY IS -- A **ZOMBIE!**



AS STEVE CHECKS THE BACK ISSUES --

JUST AS I THOUGHT -- EVERY TIME BIMOZE DIED -- **THE SAME EDITION CARRIED A STORY ABOUT A GIRL DIS-APPEARING!** BIMOZE HAS BEEN CLAIMING A NEW VICTIM EVERY YEAR -- BUT JEAN'S GOING TO BE THE **LAST!** IF HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD -- I'M GOING TO FIND **HIS BODY!**



SOON AFTERWARD --

ACCORDING TO THE POLICE, BIMOZE LEFT A WILL -- DIRECTING THAT HE BE BURIED AT **NIGHT** -- WITHOUT CEREMONY OR WITNESSES! I GOT THE UNDERTAKER'S NAME BY POSING AS A REPORTER -- SO I'M BOUND TO LEARN **SOMETHING!**



UNEXPECTEDLY -- WITH SHUFFLING FOOTSTEPS BREAKING THE SILENCE --

THEY'RE BRINGING OUT A COFFIN -- AND THERE'S SOMETHING **MIGHTY STRANGE** ABOUT THOSE **PALLBEARERS!**



WITHOUT A WORD -- WITHOUT A SINGLE SIDEWARD GLANCE --

NO USE ASKING ANY QUESTIONS! THOSE STARING EXPRESSIONS MAKE IT PLAIN THEY'VE BEEN **HYPNOTIZED** -- SO I DON'T HAVE TO GUESS WHO'S IN THE COFFIN!



NO TELLING WHERE THEY'VE BEEN INSTRUCTED TO TAKE BIMOZE, BUT I KNOW ONE THING -- I'M **STICKING RIGHT BEHIND THEM!**

MILES BEYOND -- AT THE END OF A WINDING
WOODLAND ROAD --

STRANGE PLACE TO
TAKE A CORPSE! BUT
IT'S NOT THE KIND OF
CORPSE THAT WINDS UP
IN A GRAVEYARD --
NOT WHEN
IT HAS A
VICTIM
WAITING!



AGAIN --
LIKE ROBOTS
ACTIVATED
BY EVIL --

THE PALLBEARERS DON'T
EVEN NOTICE ME! NO
WONDER--THEY'VE BEEN
COMPLETELY **MESMERIZED**
BY BIMOZE! AND WHEN THEY
COME TO, HE'S FIXED IT SO
THEY'LL RECALL A BURIAL
RITE THAT NEVER
HAPPENED!



A MOMENT LATER --

WHAT A MOMENT OF TRIUMPH
THIS MUST BE TO THAT GLOATING
FIEND -- TO BE LEFT ALONE IN
THERE -- **WITH JEAN!**
THERE'S NO TIME TO GET
HELP -- WHATEVER'S DONE
MUST BE DONE **NOW--**
BY ME!



INSIDE--WHERE
THE DARKNESS
CLINGS LIKE
LIVING FEAR--

I CAN JUST
ABOUT MAKE OUT
THEIR FOOTPRINTS ON
THE DUSTY FLOOR! THEY
CARRIED HIM THAT WAY--
**DOWN TO THE
CELLAR!**



**GOOD-- THE COFFIN'S STILL
CLOSED! HE'S STILL INSIDE--AND
I'VE GOT TO BRACE MYSELF FOR A
QUICK LOOK -- JUST TO MAKE
SURE I'VE GOT THAT
DEMON TRAPPED!**



WITH THE PALE FEATURES LIKE A MASK OF
HORROR AGAINST THE GLOOM --

YEP -- HE'S BEEN IMMOBILIZED BY A SELF-IMPOSED
TRANCE! THIS FIEND DOESN'T KNOW I'M HERE--
BECAUSE IF HE DID -- **HE'D GUESS WHAT
I HAVE IN MIND!**



**A POINTED STAKE--DRIVEN
THROUGH HIS LOATHSOME HEART!**
LORD KNOWS WHERE THAT GHOUL HAS
HIDDEN JEAN -- BUT IT'S THE ONE THING
THAT'LL SAVE **HER!**





THEN --
SOUNDING FROM
THE SHADOWS--

BIMOZE! ROUSE
YOURSELF,
BIMOZE!

JEAN! YE
GODS--SHE'S
WARNING
THIS FIEND!



IN THE NEXT SECOND -- AS THE
DEATHLESS EYES GLINT WITH
A SURGE OF EVIL --

HE'S COMING OUT OF HIS
TRANCE! HE ISN'T A
FIEND OF THE UNDEAD
NOW--HE'S A HYPNOTIST
WITH STARING
EYES!



INCH BY INCH -- AS THE
STIRRING FINGERS RISE--

THEY'RE MOVING--THEY'RE
MOVING... I CAN'T THINK --
I CAN'T FIGHT OFF
THIS CREEPING
DEATH!



THERE IS NO DEATH --
AROUND BIMOZE!
THERE IS ONLY -- A
YIELDING OF LIFE --
FOREVER!

NO--NO!
I WON'T
GIVE UP, JEAN --
NOT WHEN IT MEANS
YOUR DOOM!



IN THE NEXT HORROR-
LADEN SECOND --

WAM! AAAGH!



DARLING--WHERE ARE WE? IT'S
AS IF I'VE BEEN ASLEEP -- UNTIL
THAT HIDEOUS YELL
AWAKENED ME!

EVERYTHING'S
ALL RIGHT, JEAN!
JUST STAY THE WAY
YOU ARE -- FOR
ANOTHER
SECOND!



STEVE, I CAN'T **GUESS** WHAT WOULD MAKE
ME SLEEPWALK ALL THE WAY TO A DESERTED
HOUSE -- UNLESS THAT SILLY HYPNOTIST ACT
UPSET ME MORE THAN
I SUSPECTED! WHAT
HAPPENED?

FORGET IT, HONEY!
AFTER ALL, IF YOU DON'T
REMEMBER ANYTHING --
WHY
SHOULDN'T WE **BOTH**
FORGET?

THE
END

Three Hours to

DOOM!



THREE HOURS--A HUNDRED AND EIGHTY PANTING, HAIR-RAISING MINUTES--BEFORE A COMMUNIST BLUNDER TOUCHES OFF THE GREATEST DISASTER OF ALL TIME! IT'S A STORY YOU'LL NEVER FORGET--WITH ONE MAN SWEEPED INTO A BREATHLESS RACE AGAINST THE CLOCK--WHILE MILLIONS SLEEP UNAWARE THROUGH THREE HOURS TO DOOM!

ONE NIGHT--ON THE DESERTED CAMPUS OF ATLANTIC UNIVERSITY--

DAD'S ALWAYS KEPT BUSY ENOUGH AS HEAD OF THE NUCLEAR PHYSICS DEPARTMENT--BUT NOW THAT THE UNIVERSITY'S BUILT AN ATOMIC PILE THAT PRODUCES CHAIN REACTIONS A **THOUSAND TIMES MORE POWERFUL** THAN PREVIOUS MODELS--HE'S PRACTICALLY LIVING IN HIS LABORATORY!

THERE'S THE ONE MAN WHO SEES AS MUCH OF THIS PLACE AS DAD! MCINTYRE'S ON GUARD DUTY TWELVE HOURS A DAY!

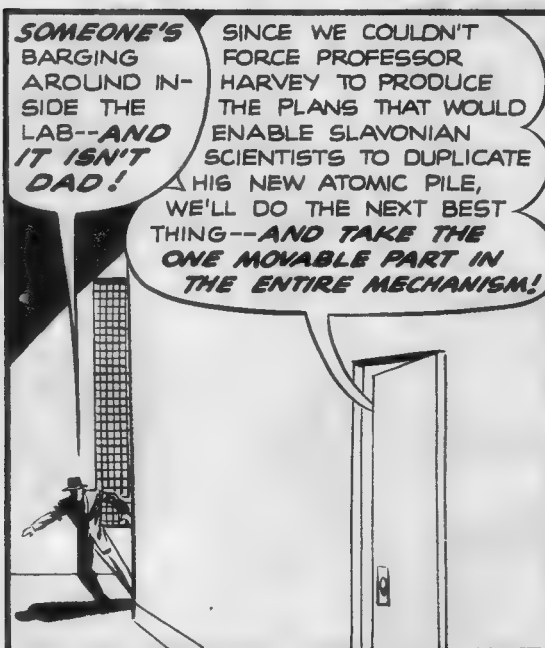


HIYA, MAC--
YOUR ARCHES
HOLDING OUT?



MAC! HOLY SMOKE
--HE'S GOT A BUL-
LET HOLE IN THE
BACK OF HIS
NECK!

CRASH!

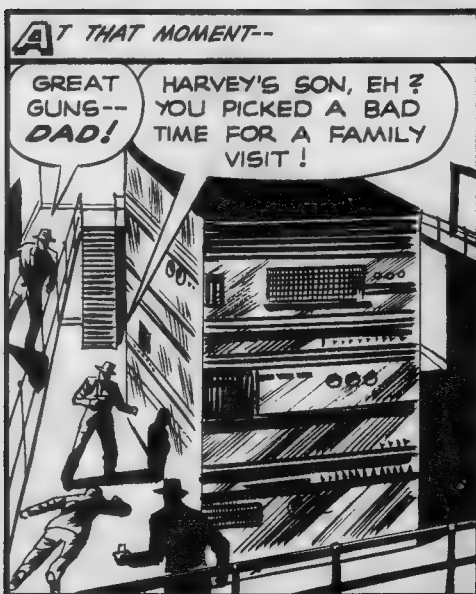


**SOMEONE'S
BARGING
AROUND IN-
SIDE THE
LAB--AND
IT ISN'T
DAD!**

SINCE WE COULDN'T
FORCE PROFESSOR
HARVEY TO PRODUCE
THE PLANS THAT WOULD
ENABLE SLAVONIAN
SCIENTISTS TO DUPLICATE
HIS NEW ATOMIC PILE,
WE'LL DO THE NEXT BEST
THING--AND TAKE THE
**ONE MOVABLE PART IN
THE ENTIRE MECHANISM!**



THIS **MASTER UNIT** SHOULD BE ENOUGH! IT WILL
SHOW OUR EXPERTS HOW TO CONSTRUCT AN ATOMIC
PILE SO POWERFUL THAT **OTHER** UNITS WILL BE UN-
NECESSARY--MEANING THAT OUR **ENTIRE ATOMIC
PRODUCTION** CAN BE HIDDEN UNDERGROUND IN A
SINGLE SPOT--**SAFE
FROM SABOTAGE
AND ENEMY BOMBS!**



AT THAT MOMENT--

**GREAT
GUNS--
DAD!**

HARVEY'S SON, EH?
YOU PICKED A BAD
TIME FOR A FAMILY
VISIT!



BANG!



CRASH!



TO BEGIN WITH, RAT--I'D BETTER GET THAT GUN!



OOOPS!

THAT'S **ONE** THING YOU DON'T GET YOUR HANDS ON!



OKAY, BUD-- I'LL SETTLE FOR **YOU**!



YOU FOOLHARDY AMERICANS NEVER KNOW *WHEN* TO QUIT!

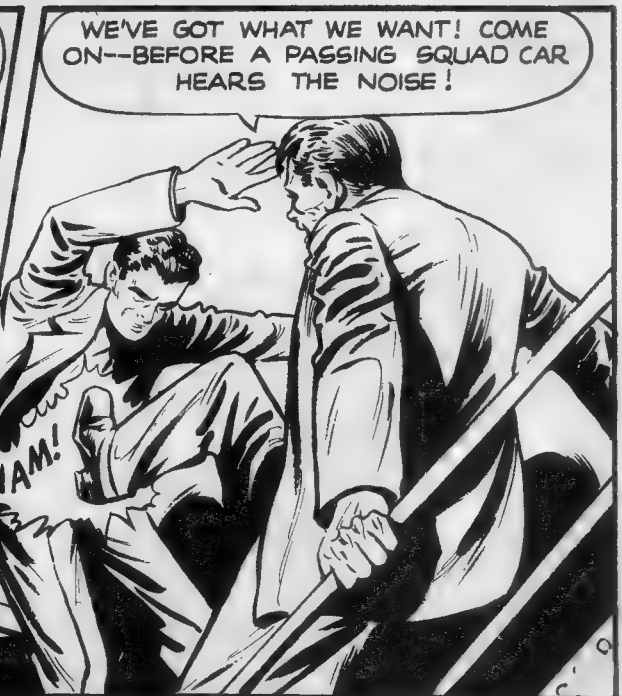
WATCH PROFESSOR HARVEY-- **HE'S GOT THE GUN!**



YOU'RE RIGHT, YOU COWARDLY RASCALS--WE **DON'T** KNOW WHEN TO QUIT!



AND WHEN **YOU** MUGS DECIDE TO QUIT---**IT'S TOO LATE!**



WE'VE GOT WHAT WE WANT! COME ON--BEFORE A PASSING SQUAD CAR HEARS THE NOISE!

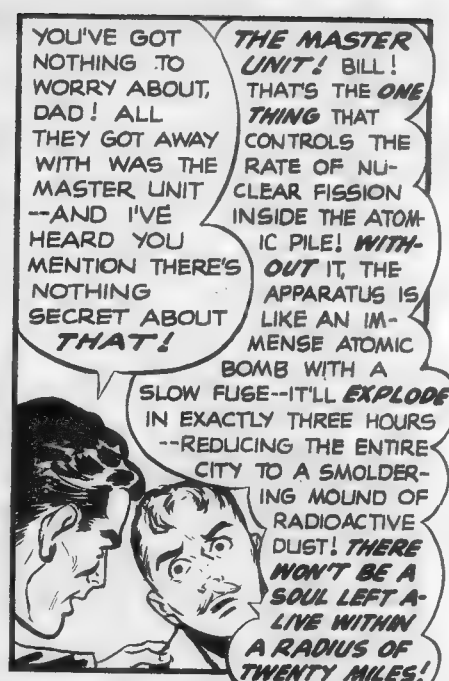


I MIGHT BE ABLE TO STOP THEM--BUT I CAN'T LEAVE DAD LYING THERE-- HE'S SERIOUSLY INJURED!



THOSE VERMIN BEAT HIM WITH PISTOL BUTTS TO MAKE HIM TALK! HE'S **FINISHED**-- HE WON'T LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO CALL IN A DOCTOR!

BILL...DID THEY--FIND THE PLANS?



YOU'VE GOT NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT, DAD! ALL THEY GOT AWAY WITH WAS THE MASTER UNIT --AND I'VE HEARD YOU MENTION THERE'S NOTHING SECRET ABOUT **THAT!**

THE MASTER UNIT! BILL! THAT'S THE **ONE THING** THAT CONTROLS THE RATE OF NUCLEAR FISSION INSIDE THE ATOMIC PILE! **WITH-OUT IT,** THE APPARATUS IS LIKE AN IMMENSE ATOMIC BOMB WITH A SLOW FUSE--IT'LL **EXPLODE** IN EXACTLY THREE HOURS --REDUCING THE ENTIRE CITY TO A SMOLDERING MOUND OF RADIOACTIVE DUST! **THERE WON'T BE A SOUL LEFT ALIVE WITHIN A RADIUS OF TWENTY MILES!**



THREE HOURS... THEN WE'RE **DOOMED** --- BECAUSE THERE ISN'T A CHANCE OF LOCATING THOSE SPIES SOON ENOUGH!

ARE YOU GOING TO GIVE UP **NOW**--WITH SO MUCH AT STAKE? THEY'VE KILLED **ME**, SON-- DON'T LET THEM KILL ANYONE ELSE! YOU'VE GOT UNTIL 2:30 THIS MORNING-- FIND THEM--**GET THAT MASTER UNIT!**



AS PROFESSOR HARVEY'S EYES TAKE ON THE SLOW GLAZE OF DEATH--

FIND THEM--SOMEWHERE IN THE WORLD'S LARGEST CITY! I DON'T KNOW WHERE OR HOW, BUT I WILL FIND THOSE RATS --AND IT'LL BE BEFORE 2:30!



THEN--IN A BREAKNECK DRIVE THROUGH THE DARKENED CITY--



IT'LL TAKE ME A HALF-HOUR LONGER TO REACH THE POLICE COMMISSIONER'S HOME THAN IT WOULD HEADQUARTERS-- BUT THE **COMMISSIONER'S** THE MAN I WANT TO SEE!

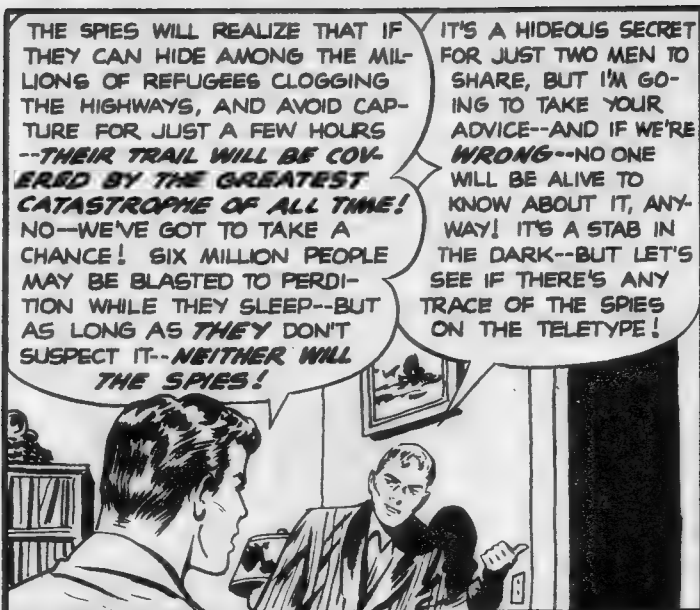
SCREEECH!



SOON AFTERWARD--

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO TRAP THOSE SPIES! I CAN CALL OUT TWO THOUSAND POLICE AND RESERVISTS WITHIN TWENTY MINUTES--**AND SET UP ROAD BLOCKS AT EVERY MAIN INTERSECTION IN THE CITY!**

GREAT GUN-- DON'T YOU REALIZE THAT A WIDE-SCALE MANHUNT WILL TOUCH OFF ONE OF THE WORST PANICS IN HISTORY? WITH THE STREETS CHOKED WITH SEETHING MASSES OF TERRIFIED PEOPLE--THE SPIES ARE **BOUND** TO LEARN WHAT'S BEHIND THE FRANTIC STAMPEDE OUT OF THE CITY!



THE SPIES WILL REALIZE THAT IF THEY CAN HIDE AMONG THE MILLIONS OF REFUGEES CLOGGING THE HIGHWAYS, AND AVOID CAPTURE FOR JUST A FEW HOURS--**THEIR TRAIL WILL BE COVERED BY THE GREATEST CATASTROPHE OF ALL TIME!** NO--WE'VE GOT TO TAKE A CHANCE! SIX MILLION PEOPLE MAY BE BLASTED TO PERDITION WHILE THEY SLEEP--BUT AS LONG AS **THEY** DON'T SUSPECT IT--**NEITHER WILL THE SPIES!**

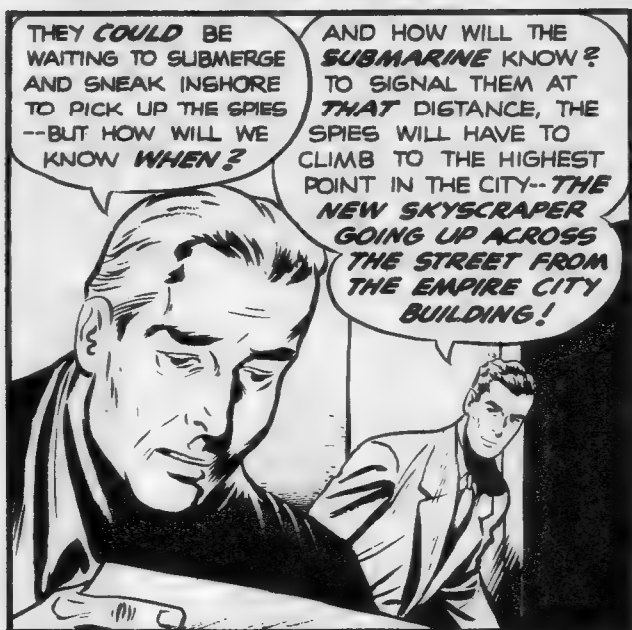
IT'S A HIDEOUS SECRET FOR JUST TWO MEN TO SHARE, BUT I'M GOING TO TAKE YOUR ADVICE--AND IF WE'RE **WRONG**--NO ONE WILL BE ALIVE TO KNOW ABOUT IT, ANYWAY! IT'S A STAB IN THE DARK--BUT LET'S SEE IF THERE'S ANY TRACE OF THE SPIES ON THE TELETYPE!



AS THE PRECIOUS MINUTES TICK AWAY--

THERE'S NOTHING BUT THE USUAL POLICE REPORTS ON ROBBERIES AND HOMICIDES--THINGS THAT SEEMED **IMPORTANT** UNTIL YOU GOT HERE!

WAIT A MINUTE--HERE'S SOMETHING **ELSE!** COAST GUARD UNITS HAVE A **SLAVONIAN SUB-MARINE** UNDER LONG-RANGE OBSERVATION! IT'S BEEN ANCHORED SINCE SUNSET--**TWELVE MILES OUTSIDE THE HARBOR!**

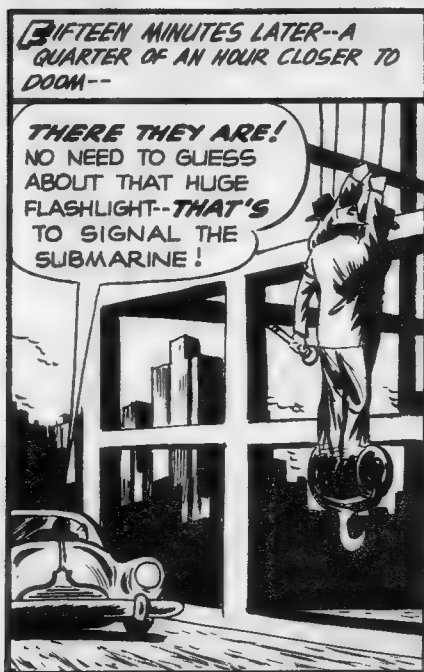


THEY **COULD** BE WAITING TO SUBMERGE AND SNEAK INSHORE TO PICK UP THE SPIES--BUT HOW WILL WE KNOW **WHEN?**

AND HOW WILL THE **SUBMARINE** KNOW? TO SIGNAL THEM AT **THAT** DISTANCE, THE SPIES WILL HAVE TO CLIMB TO THE HIGHEST POINT IN THE CITY--**THE NEW SKYSCRAPER GOING UP ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE EMPIRE CITY BUILDING!**



I'D BETTER HOPE I'M RIGHT! IT'S NEARLY ONE A.M.--I'M JUST **ABOUT HALFWAY TO THE DEAD-LINE!**

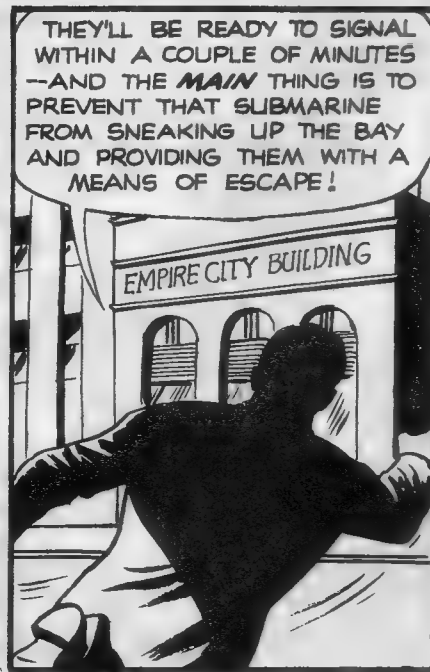


FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER--A QUARTER OF AN HOUR CLOSER TO DOOM--

THERE THEY ARE! NO NEED TO GUESS ABOUT THAT HUGE FLASHLIGHT--**THAT'S** TO SIGNAL THE SUBMARINE!



THERE'S NO WAY TO BRING THEM **DOWN**--BECAUSE THE POWER'S REGULATED BY A SWITCH THAT'LL LOCK UNTIL THEY REACH THE TOP! **THEN** THEY CAN FASTEN THE HOOK TO A GIRDER--TO PREVENT **ME** FROM GETTING UP THERE!

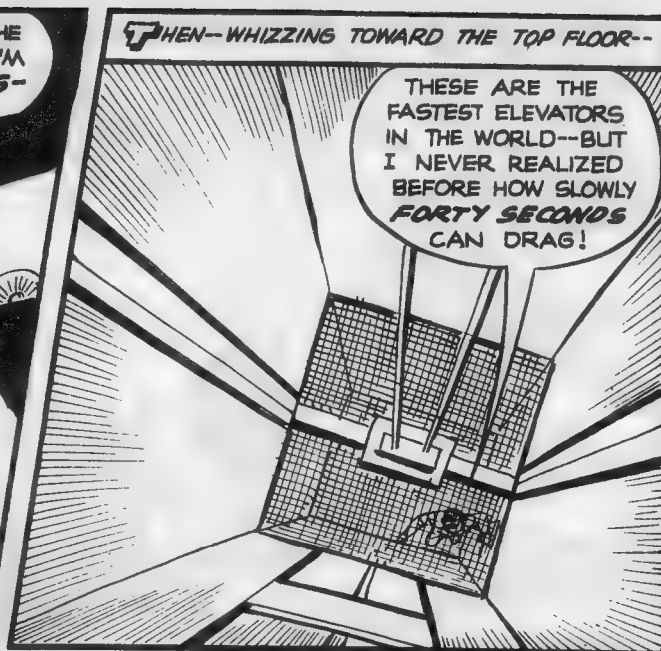


THEY'LL BE READY TO SIGNAL WITHIN A COUPLE OF MINUTES--AND THE **MAIN** THING IS TO PREVENT THAT SUBMARINE FROM SNEAKING UP THE BAY AND PROVIDING THEM WITH A MEANS OF ESCAPE!



HEY--WAIT! YOU WANT TO GET INTO TROUBLE?

TROUBLE ISN'T THE WORD FOR IT, BUD--I'M WIDE OPEN FOR *DIS-ASTER!*



THEN--WHIZZING TOWARD THE TOP FLOOR--

THESE ARE THE FASTEST ELEVATORS IN THE WORLD--BUT I NEVER REALIZED BEFORE HOW SLOWLY *FORTY SECONDS* CAN DRAG!



I CAN'T TAKE TIME TO FIGURE OUT WHETHER THIS HOSE WILL REACH--IT'S *GOT TO!*

SECONDS LATER--



NOT A CLOUD IN THE SKY! THIS FLASHLIGHT BEAM SHOULD REACH THE OUTER BAY *EASILY!*

YE GODS--IS IT POSSIBLE? *LOOK!*



NINE HUNDRED FEET ABOVE THE STREET--



BANG!

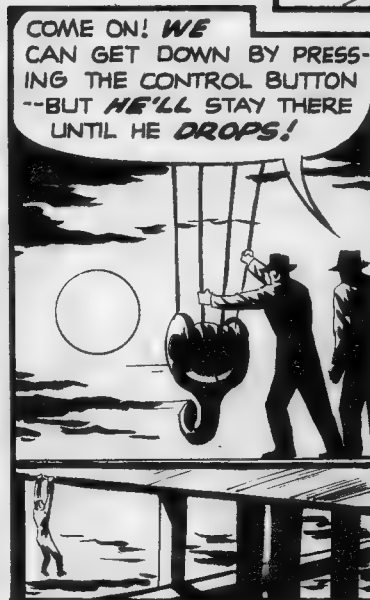


THEN--

YAAAAGH!



THAT LEAVES TWO OF THEM--BUT SUPPOSE THE RAT WHO FELL IS THE ONE WITH THE MASTER UNIT?



JUST A SECOND--BUT TO BILL HARVEY IT HELD THE AGONIZING DRAG OF ETERNITY!



MADE IT--BUT WHAT'LL HAPPEN IF I MISS A WINDOW--AND SLAM INTO THE WALL?

AN INSTANT LATER--



ONE THIRTY-FIVE! THAT GIVES ME LESS THAN AN HOUR TO FIND THE SPIES **AGAIN--** AND GET THE MASTER UNIT BACK TO THE UNIVERSITY! SINCE THOSE RATS FAILED TO SIGNAL THE SUBMARINE TO SLIP IN AND PICK THEM UP--WHAT'LL BE THEIR **NEXT STEP? THEY'LL GRAB A LAUNCH AND SAIL OUT TO MEET IT--** AND THAT MEANS THEY'LL BE PASSING UNDER THE **MID-HARBOR BRIDGE!**



SOON AFTERWARD--

FOR ALL I KNOW, THE SPIES **MIGHT** DECIDE TO LAY LOW AND CONTACT THE SUBMARINE **TOMORROW** NIGHT--BUT IT **CAN'T** WORK OUT THAT WAY! THERE'D BE **NOTHING** LEFT BY THEN--NO HARBOR--NO SUBMARINE--**AND NO SPIES!**



WITH THE RIVER GLISTENING IN THE MOONLIGHT--

NOTHING... THERE ISN'T SO MUCH AS A **ROWBOAT** IN SIGHT!



THEN--AS A DISTANT TOWER CHIMES SLOWLY--



WHAT'LL I DO...**WAIT?** GOOD LORD, THERE'S NO CHOICE--IT'S TOO LATE TO DO ANYTHING **ELSE!**

THEN, BARELY HEARD AT FIRST--BUT DRAWING CLOSER WITH EACH SPEEDING SECOND--

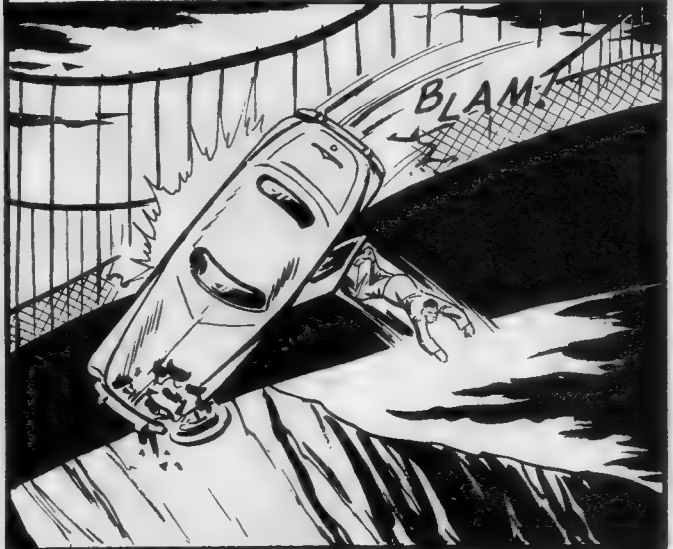
IT'S A LAUNCH--AND I CAN JUST ABOUT MAKE OUT WHO'S IN IT! THIS IS MY LAST CHANCE--**THEY'RE NOT GETTING AWAY AGAIN!**



IT WON'T BE ENOUGH FOR *ME* TO LEAP FROM THE BRIDGE! EVEN IF I LIVED THROUGH *THAT*--THE BOAT WOULD BE SURE TO PASS ME!



UNHESITATINGLY--BILL STEERS TOWARD THE GUARD RAIL!



NOW COMES THE *HARD* PART! I CAN'T GRAB *BOTH* OF THEM--SO THAT GIVES ME A *FIFTY-FIFTY* CHANCE OF PICKING THE SPY WITH THE *MASTER UNIT*!



IN A SAVAGE ONSET--



MOMENTS LATER--

WELL-- I'VE

MADE MY CHOICE! AND WITH MILLIONS OF LIVES DEPENDING ON IT--HE'S *GOT* TO HAVE THE *MASTER UNIT*! SO FAR, MY HUNCHES HAVE CLICKED--I *COULDN'T* HAVE GUESSED WRONG *THIS* TIME!



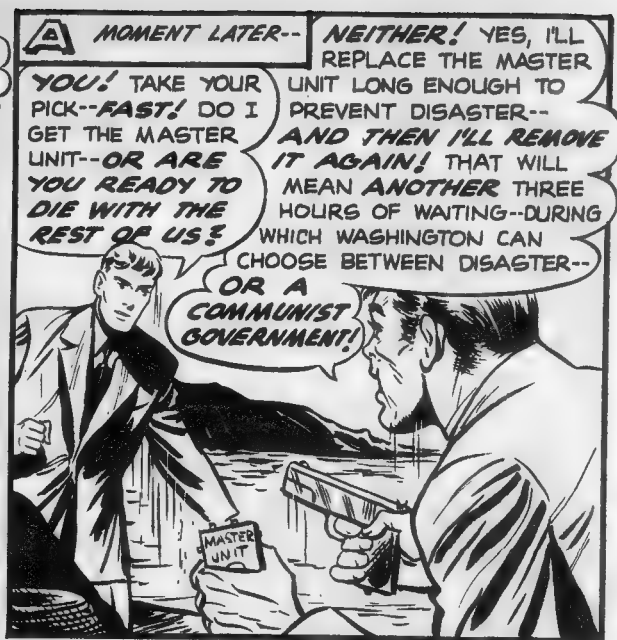
ONE BY ONE, BILL GROPEs THROUGh HIS CAPTIVE'S POCKETs-- FOR A JOLTING DISCOVERY!

NO MASTER UNIT! I MANAGED TO TRACE IT-- I WAS WITHIN A FEW FEET OF IT--AND I GRABBED THE WRONG MAN!





CATAS-TROPHE!
...YE GODS
--WHAT
HAVE WE
STUMBLED
ONTO?



The End.

The EYES of HELL



SOME PEOPLE ARE BORN ILL-STARRED-- CONDEMNED TO GRASP THE GRIM WARNINGS OF SECOND SIGHT -- PEERING RELUCTANTLY INTO THE GREY AND SECRET SHROUD OF THE FUTURE ! IT WAS DIFFERENT IN THE CASE OF ELAINE JOHNSON -- BECAUSE THE TERROR SHE FORETOLD WAS A LIVING THING -- CREEPING FROM THE SHADOWS WHILE SHE STARED WITH THE EYES OF DOOM!



BETTER WALK AROUND, SISTER-- OR YOU'LL BE CLEANING PAINT SPOTS OFF YOUR DRESS!

ROGER-- AND THANKS FOR THE TIP!



AND THIS IS HOW IT BEGAN-- WITH AN UNBELIEVING GASP OF HORROR!

OHH! GOOD HEAVENS-- WHAT IS IT?



IT'S HORRIBLE-- THAT THING UP THERE IS BRIMMING WITH EVIL!

HOLY SMOKE-- WATCH OUT!

IN THE NEXT SECOND--

CRASH!

PETE'S DEAD...
LOOK-- WHAT'S
THIS BUSINESS
ABOUT EVIL--
JUST BEFORE
IT HAPPENED?

THERE WAS A HIDEOUS,
SPECTRAL FIGURE ON
THE SCAFFOLD-- YOU
COULDN'T HAVE
MISSED IT!

I DIDN'T
SEE
ANYTHING
HIDEOUS
UP THERE!

YOU MUST HAVE-- A
THING WITH STARING
EYES AND THE FACE
OF A FIEND-- OH,
LORD-- HOW CAN
I POSSIBLY
DESCRIBE IT?

AFRAID I'LL HAVE
TO TAKE YOUR NAME
AND ADDRESS AS
A WITNESS, MISS!

I'M-- I'M ELAINE JOHNSON!
I LIVE AT 104 MONTFORD
AVENUE!

THAT
NIGHT--

WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME? I THOUGHT
ASPIRIN WOULD HELP MY OCCASIONAL
HEADACHES-- BUT MAYBE THEY'RE A
SYMPTOM-- AN INDICATION THAT I'M
LOSING MY MIND!
BECAUSE I-- I'M
CONVINCED I'M
GOING TO SEE
THAT HORRIBLE
THING AGAIN!

YES, ELAINE'S FEARS WERE ALL TOO TRUE! NEXT
DAY-- IN A SKYSCRAPER OFFICE--

OHH! THAT THING--
IT'S THERE AGAIN!
QUICK, FOR GOODNESS
SAKE-- GET INSIDE!

WHAT GOES ON HERE?
YOU NUTS, OR
SOMETHING?

FOR THE LOVE OF PETE--
WHAT IN THUNDER'S
GOT INTO YOU,
ELAINE?

WAIT... WAIT A
SECOND, MR.
DOLAN!

TAKE A LOOK AT THIS SAFETY BELT! THE BUCKLE WOULDN'T HAVE HELD FOR MORE THAN A FEW SECONDS-- AND THEN I'D HAVE HAD A TWELVE-STORY PLUNGE!

IT-- IT WAS THE SAME EVIL PHANTOM I SAW YESTERDAY-- AND THANK HEAVENS THIS TIME I SAW IT SOON ENOUGH!

ER-- YOU'VE BEEN WORKING PRETTY HARD! MAYBE YOU'D BETTER GO HOME AND TAKE THINGS EASY FOR A FEW DAYS!

I CAN'T BLAME PEOPLE FOR SCOFFING AT SOMETHING ONLY I CAN SEE! BUT NOW THAT I'VE PROVED I CAN CHEAT THAT FIEND OF ITS VICTIMS, IT'S EASY TO SEE WHAT'LL HAPPEN NEXT-- IT'S GOING TO COME AFTER ME!



THAT EVENING--

I'M TRYING TO DIVERT MY THOUGHTS, BUT READING DOESN'T DO ANY GOOD-- I CAN'T FIGHT OFF THE DREAD THAT'S STEALING CLOSER EVERY MINUTE!



THEN-- AS IF ELAINE'S FEARS LOOMED INTO HORRIBLE REALITY--

OH!!



THEN-- AS THE FEARSOME FIGURE UNEXPECTEDLY TURNS--

I'LL DIE -- I'LL DIE THE INSTANT IT TOUCHES ME!

HOLY SMOKE-- WHAT GOES ON HERE?

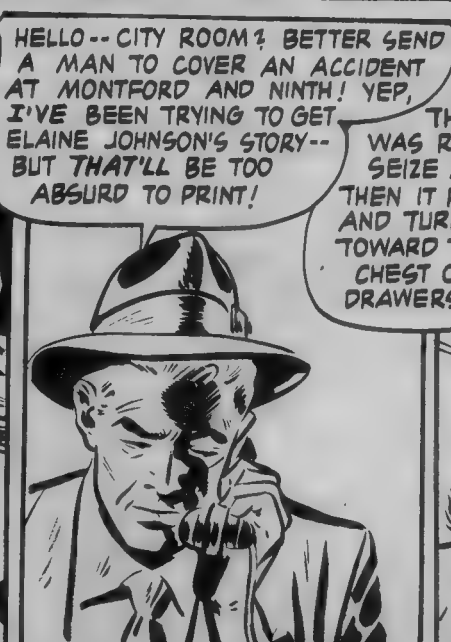
LOOK-- LOOK! GOOD HEAVENS-- IT'S RIGHT IN FRONT OF YOU!

EASY, BABY-- COME OFF IT! THE "DAILY EXPRESS" SENT ME TO GET A STORY ABOUT THAT THING YOU SAW AT THE SCAFFOLD ACCIDENT-- BUT I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D MAKE IT THIS REALISTIC!





SECONDS LATER--





SOON AFTERWARDS-- AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS--

OKAY, POWELL-- YOU WANT OUR LAB TO ANALYZE THESE ASPIRIN BECAUSE YOU THINK THEY'LL EXPLAIN THAT JOHNSON GIRL'S SPOOK! ANY OTHER BRIGHT LITTLE IDEAS WE CAN HELP YOU WITH?

YEP! I WANT YOU TO SEND OUT AN EMERGENCY TRUCK-- TO PICK UP A HEAVY BRONZE COFFIN FOR CHESTY ROGERS!

BRONZE COFFIN... BOY, YOU'RE GONE-- YOU'RE JUST ABOUT READY FOR THE SQUIRREL HATCH!

COULD BE-- BUT LISTEN! IF ELAINE WAS RIGHT ABOUT THE GHOST-- SUPPOSE SHE'S RIGHT ABOUT ITS COMING BACK TONIGHT TO KILL HER?

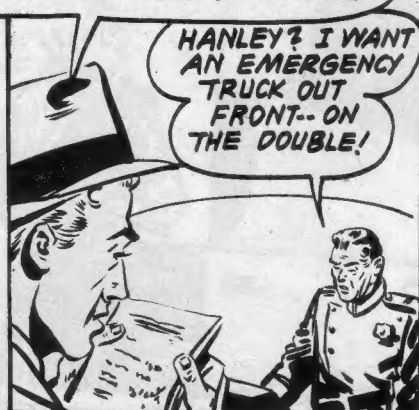


LOOK, INSPECTOR-- THAT THING ISN'T MERELY A BROODING SPIRIT THAT GLOATS OVER SCENES OF VIOLENCE! IT'S A LIVING EVIL WITHOUT FORM! AND SUPPOSE IT WAS TO FIND ITS EXACT OPPOSITE-- AN EVIL FORM WITHOUT LIFE-- WOULDN'T IT TRY TO TAKE OVER? AS LONG AS IT'S A GHOST, IT KNOWS IT CAN BE DETECTED-- BUT A BODY WOULD PROVIDE A CAMOUFLAGE-- IT WOULD BE A LIVING DISGUISE!

OKAY, DON-- HERE'S THAT LAB REPORT!

NICE GOING, STEVE-- LET'S HAVE A LOOK!

HERE'S THE LOWDOWN FROM YOUR OWN EXPERTS, INSPECTOR! "COAL TAR BASE IN ASPIRIN CHANGED TO DYCYNANIN BY ACCIDENTAL EXPOSURE TO MASSIVE RADIATION... DYCYNANIN IS A LITTLE-KNOWN COMPOUND THAT SENSITIZES THE HUMAN EYE TO VIBRATIONS BEYOND THE VISIBLE SPECTRUM!"



HANLEY? I WANT AN EMERGENCY TRUCK OUT FRONT-- ON THE DOUBLE!

LATER-- WHAT'S NEXT, CHUM? ACCORDING TO THE INSPECTOR-- YOU'RE GIVING THE ORDERS!

JUST WHEEL THAT THING INSIDE-- I'LL DO THE REST!

THANK GOODNESS NOTHING HAPPENED WHILE YOU WERE AWAY-- BUT I'M SURE IT'S JUST A QUESTION OF TIME!

SO AM I, HONEY-- AFTER CATCHING A GLIMPSE OF THAT CREEP MYSELF! I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT THAT LATER-- RIGHT NOW, THE IMPORTANT THING IS TO GET READY-- AND I WANT YOU TO BRACE YOURSELF!





GOOD HEAVENS-- THAT'S A COFFIN!

YEP-- AND IT CONTAINS THE BODY OF CHESTY ROGERS! -- OKAY, PALS -- DRIVE AROUND THE CORNER AND KEEP OUT OF SIGHT!

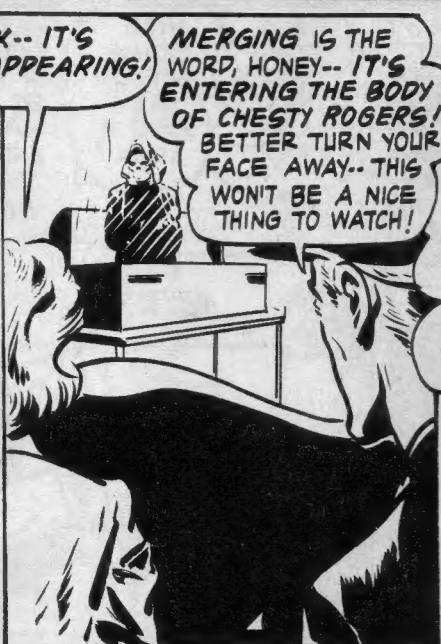


DON-- HERE IT COMES!

DON'T GET PANICKY! MY HUNCH MAY MISFIRE -- BUT I THINK WE'VE GOT SOMETHING HERE THAT'LL TAKE THE FIEND'S ATTENTION AWAY FROM YOU!



SEE WHAT I MEAN? IT'S ATTRACTED TO SOMETHING IT CAN USE -- AN EVIL CORPSE!



LOOK-- IT'S DISAPPEARING!

MERGING IS THE WORD, HONEY-- IT'S ENTERING THE BODY OF CHESTY ROGERS! BETTER TURN YOUR FACE AWAY-- THIS WON'T BE A NICE THING TO WATCH!



AS THE COFFIN STIRS WITH SLOW MOVEMENT--

DEATH HAS ALTERED THE FEATURES! WHO WILL RECOGNIZE THEM-- WHO WILL GUESS WHAT UNSEEN EVIL THEY HIDE?

MIX TOGETHER A GHOST AND A DEAD CRIMINAL-- AND YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THAT'S READY TO BE BURIED!



SLAM!



THE NEXT DAY'S PAPERS BRIEFLY MENTIONED THE FUNERAL OF CHESTY ROGERS-- A MINOR EVENT SOON TO BE FORGOTTEN-- EXCEPT BY TWO PEOPLE!

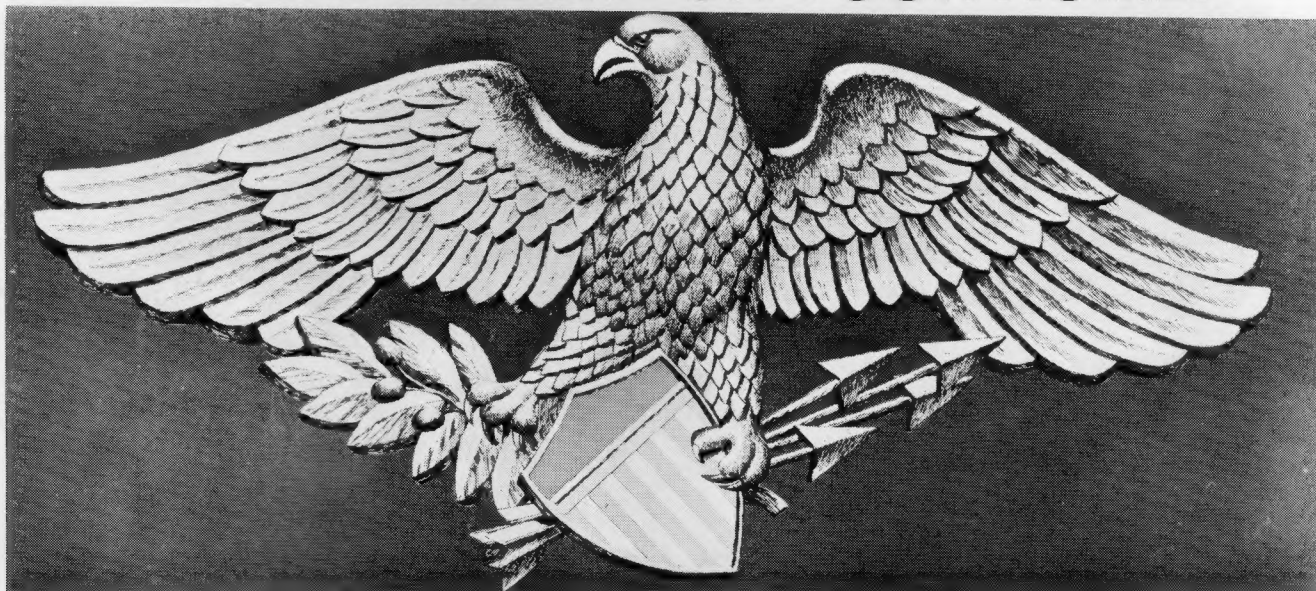
EVIL TAKES FAR MORE FORMS THAN WE CAN COPE WITH, HONEY-- BUT AS FAR AS THIS ONE'S CONCERNED-- IT'S TRAPPED FOREVER! THINK YOU'LL BE LONELY WITHOUT THAT SPOOK?

DARLING... I WAS HOPING YOU COULD DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT!

THE END

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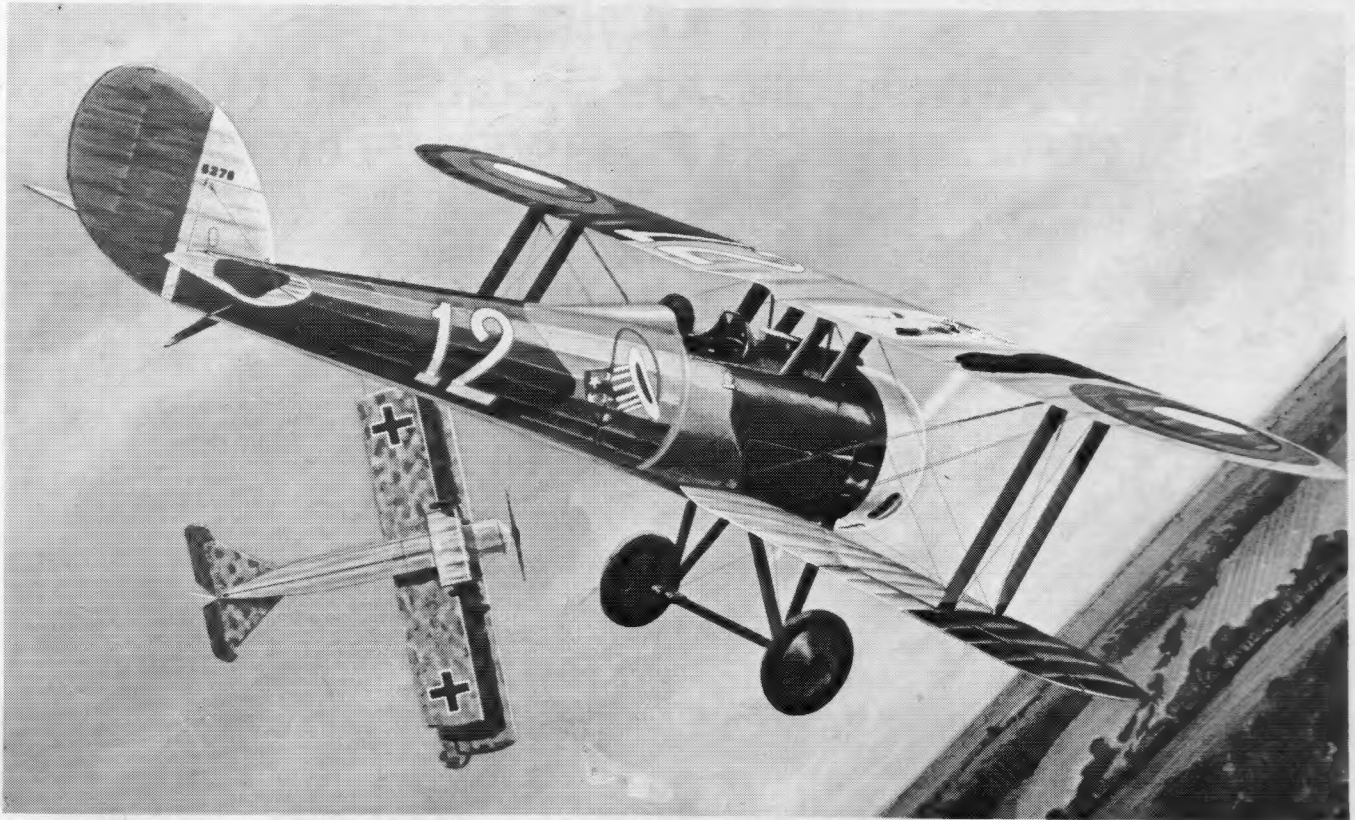
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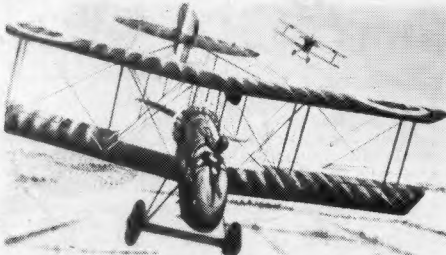
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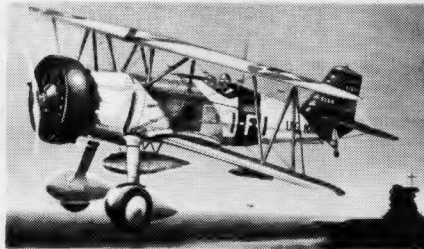
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